

MARVEL

APRIL

10



COMICS

MYSTERY

NO.
30



THE JAPS STARTED THEIR TREACHEROUS
ATTACK—BUT THEY RECKONED WITHOUT
THE HUMAN TORCH—AND TORO!

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.
1940
COPYRIGHT
1942.

HUMAN TORCH

THEY CAME
LIKE STEEL
JUGGERNAUTS,
THESE METAL
CLAD MEN,
WITH LOOT AND
MURDER IN
THEIR MINDS!
EVEN THE
HUMAN TORCH
WAS STUMPED
FOR A MOMENT
AS HE MATCHED
WITS WITH
THEIR SINISTER
LEADER, BUT
THEN, EVEN
METAL HAS
ITS MELTING
POINT!

and **TORO**
in the March of the **METAL**
MOBSTERS

TORCH AND TORO ARE
COMPILING DATA ABOUT
PAST CASES!

WHEW! YOU'D NEVER
THINK THERE WERE
SO MANY CRIMINALS
IN THE WORLD!

Y'MEAN
BEHIND
BARS,
TORCH!

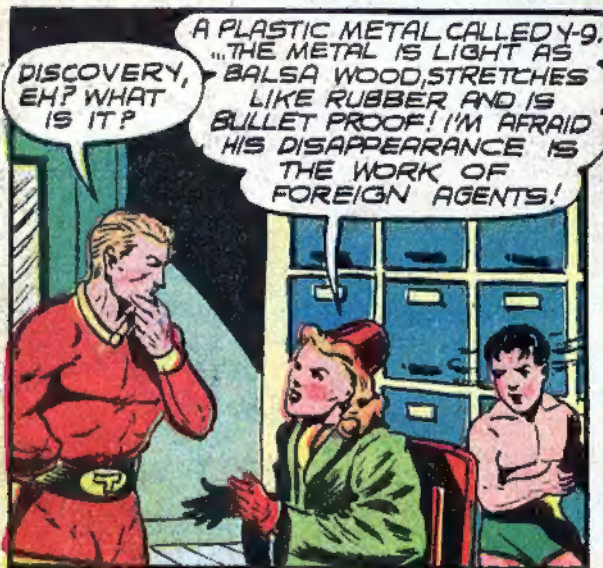
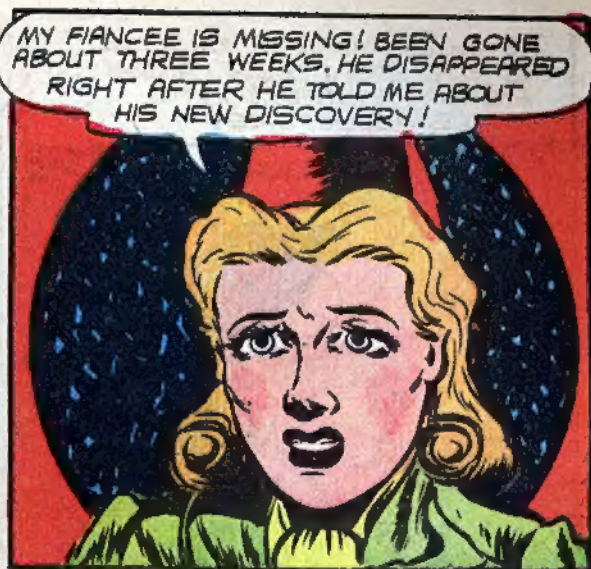
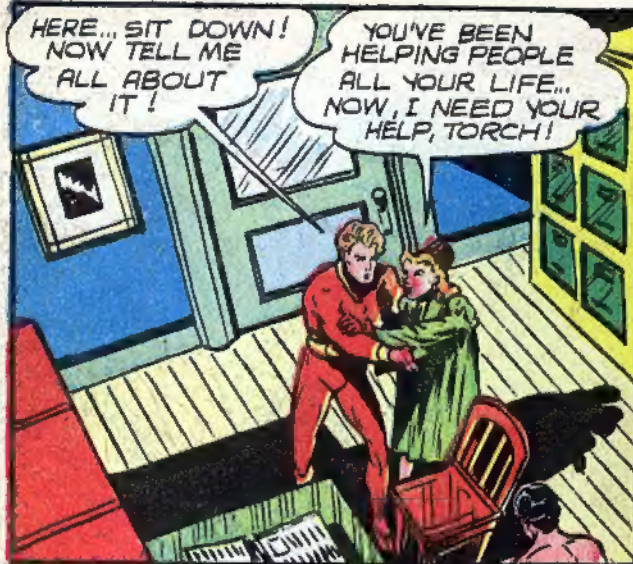
SUDDENLY...

FORGIVE ME!
BUT I HAD
TO SEE YOU,
TORCH! I'M
MARY ORCHID!

A
GIRL!

YES...





THE FLAME MASTERS SUBDUED THE BLAZE ON THEIR HANDS AND CRASH THEM INTO THE ABDUCTERS!

NO KIDNAPPING TODAY, MUG!

HEY, TORCH! THEIR CAR IS MAKING A BREAK!

NEVER MIND! WE'VE GOT THESE TWO RATS!

T-THEY TRIED TO ABDUCT ME!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS... WHO SENT YOU AFTER THE GIRL?

URRAGH ...UR!

WHAT IS THAT? INDIAN TALK?

I GET IT! THEY'RE MUTES! WHOEVER SENT THEM MADE SURE THEY WOULDN'T TALK!

BUT THEY CAN READ! HERE'S A CLIPPING I FOUND IN THEIR POCKET'S CONCERNING THE SPENCER COLLECTION!

TORCH, MY GUARDIAN, STEPHEN COLE IS DIRECTOR OF THE DISPLAY!

...AND LEAVE THESE TWO GO FREE? NOTHING DOING, TORCH!

THAT COLLECTION IS WORTH A FORTUNE

WHAT? C'MON! WE'RE GOING THERE!

OH! I FORGOT ABOUT THEM! AH! HERE COMES A PATROL CAR!

WHAT'S UP, TORCH?

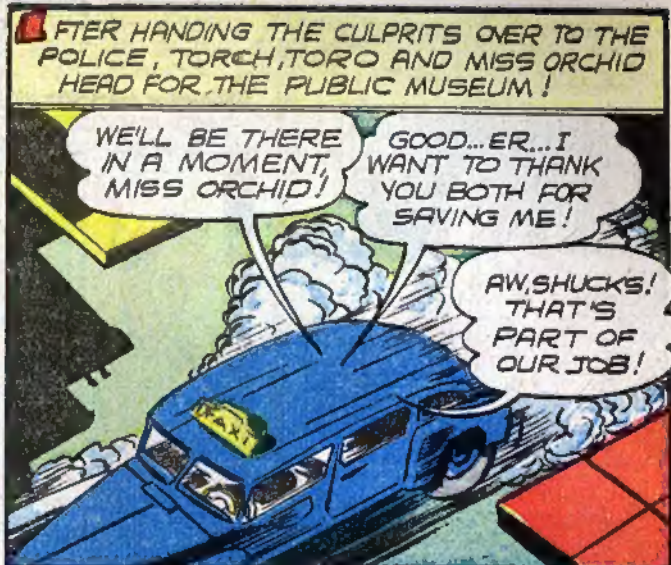


AFTER HANDING THE CULPRITS OVER TO THE POLICE, TORCH, TORO AND MISS ORCHID HEAD FOR THE PUBLIC MUSEUM!

WE'LL BE THERE IN A MOMENT, MISS ORCHID!

GOOD...ER...I WANT TO THANK YOU BOTH FOR SAVING ME!

AW, SHUCKS! THAT'S PART OF OUR JOB!



LATER, AT STEPHEN COLE'S OFFICE IN THE MUSEUM, TORCH RELATES THE STORY OF THE ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION...

MARY, MY DEAR... YOU MUST BE CAREFUL!

I WILL... BELIEVE ME!

HOW ABOUT A PEEK AT THE DIAMONDS, NOW?



A SPLENDID REQUEST, SONNY...COME, WE'LL LEAVE MARY TO REST HERE!

SONNY! BAH!

LET'S GO!



...AND THIS IS THE FABULOUS "DIAMOND OF THE STARS", ALSO PART OF THE SPENCER COLLECTION!

WOW! WHAT A MARBLE THAT WOULD MAKE!

SUDDENLY!

MARY! SHE'S SCREAMING!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

LET'S GO!

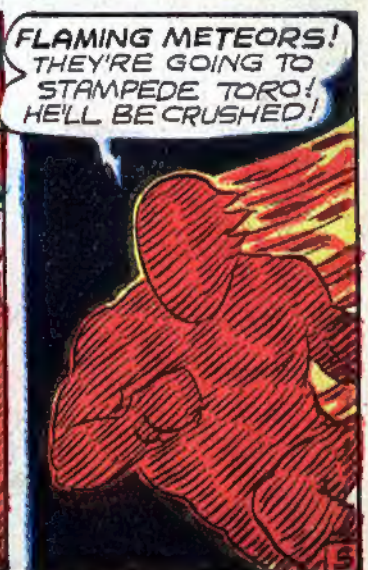
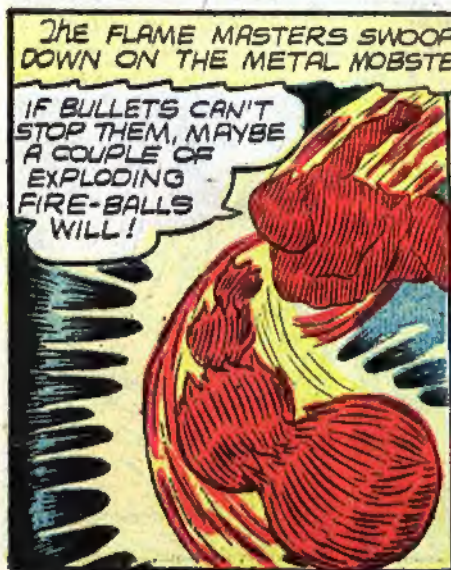
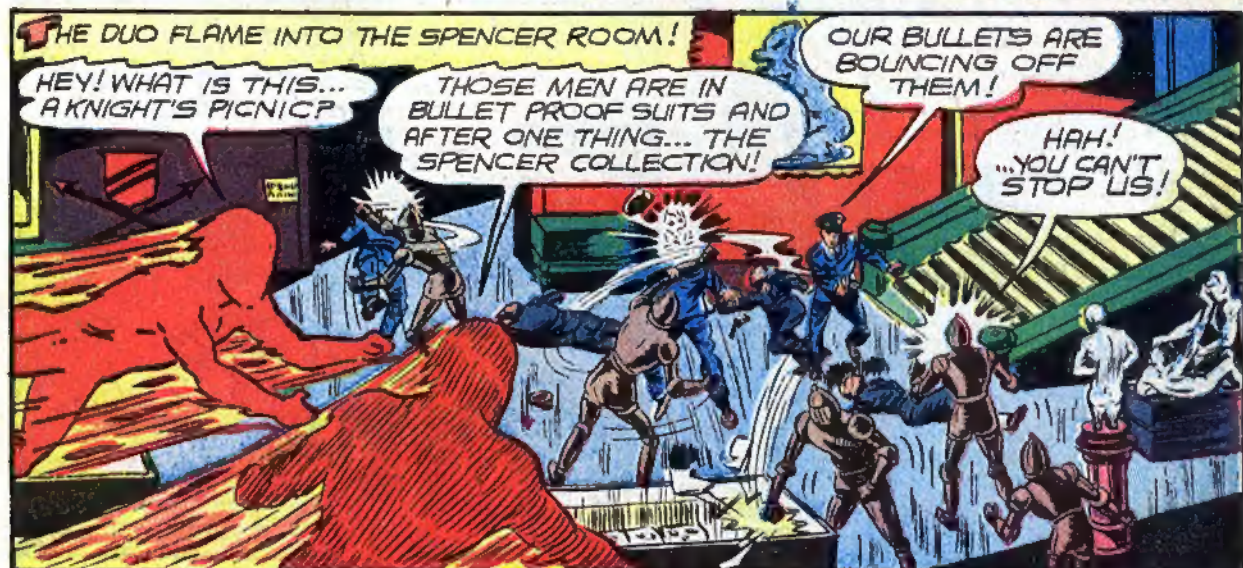


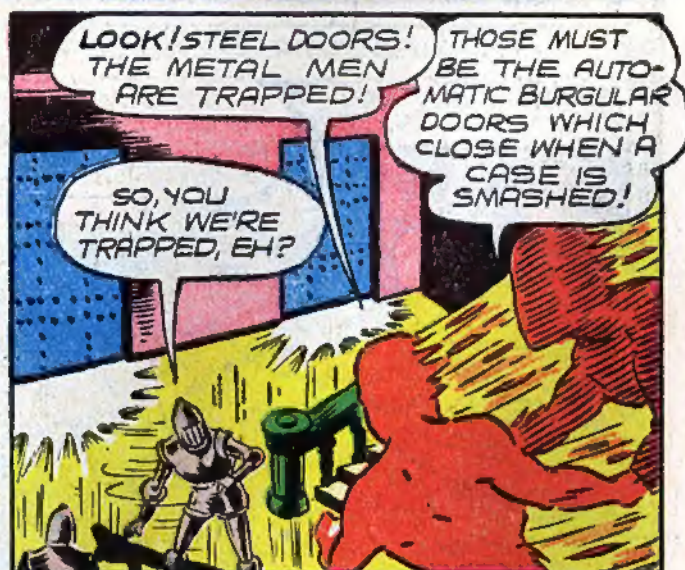
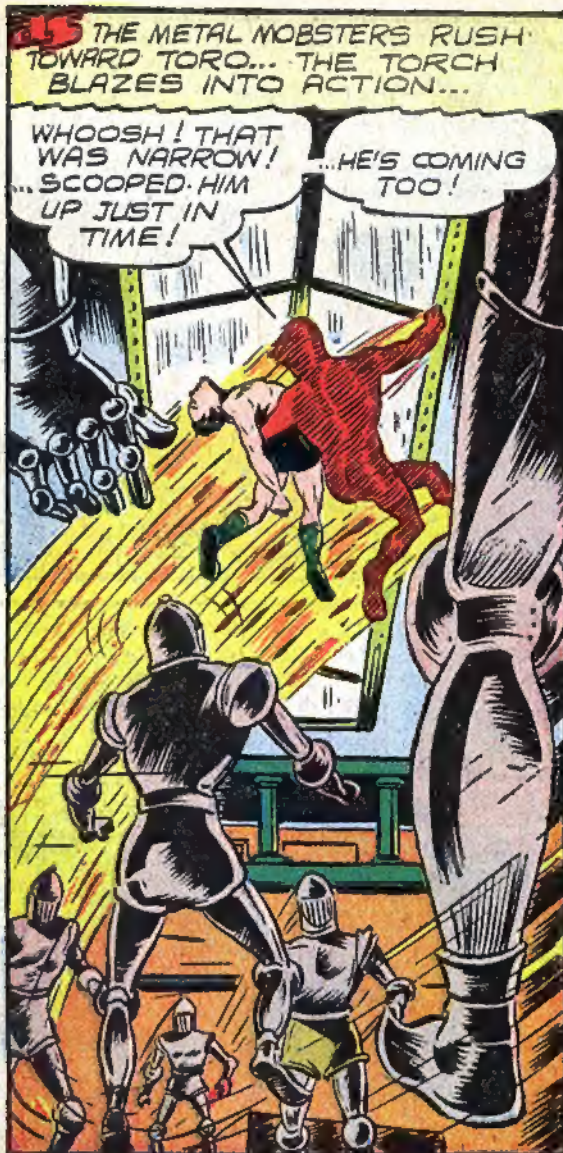
THE TRIO RACE BACK TO THE OFFICE!

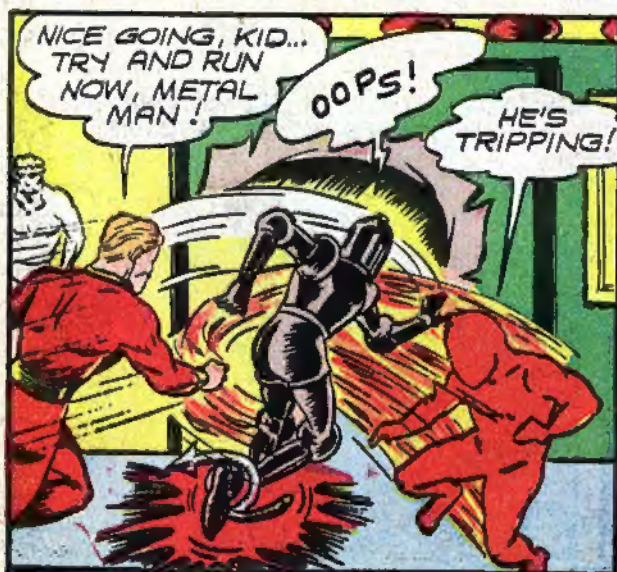
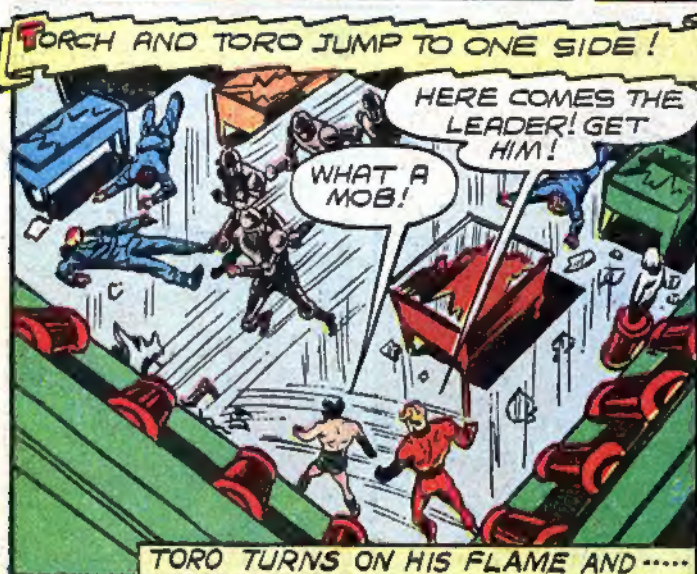
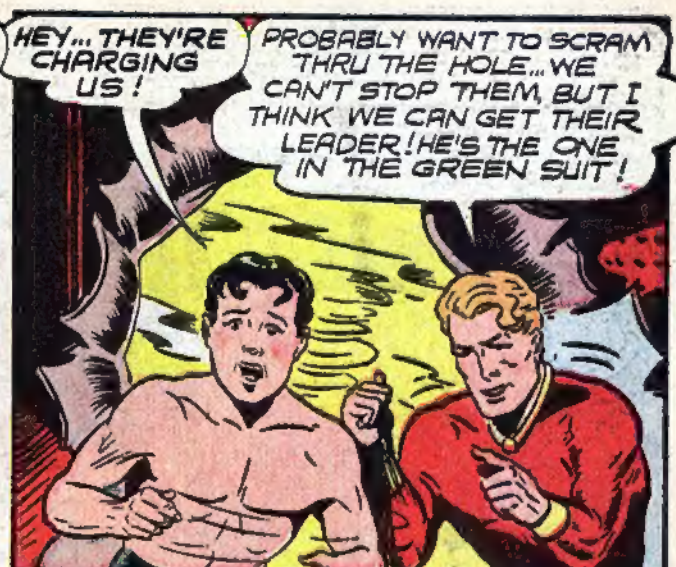
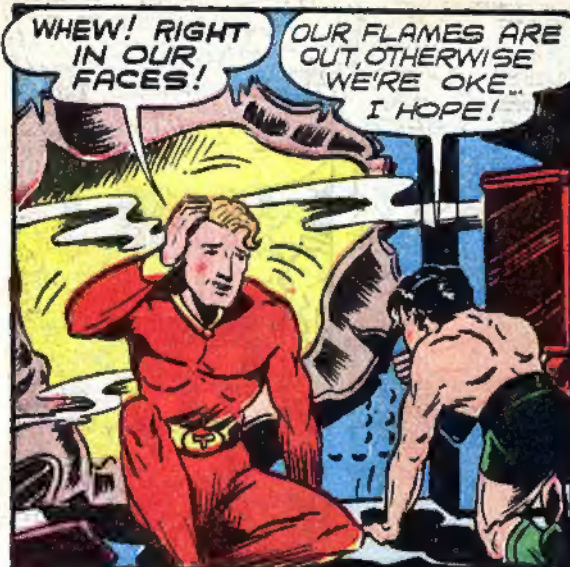
SHE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED!

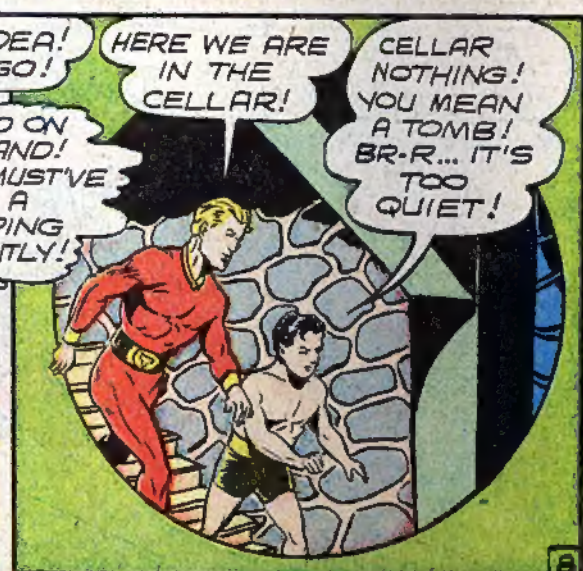
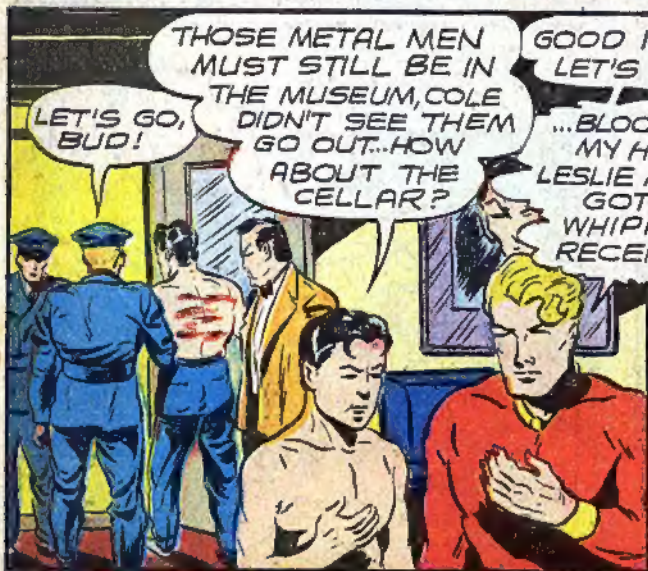
WELL, I'LL BE!

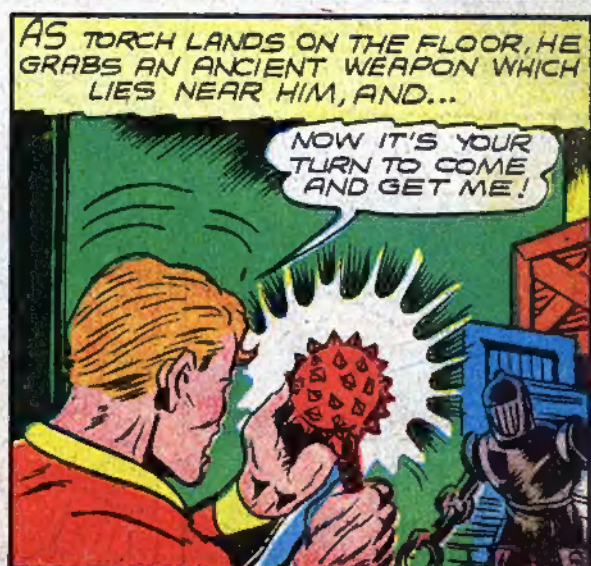
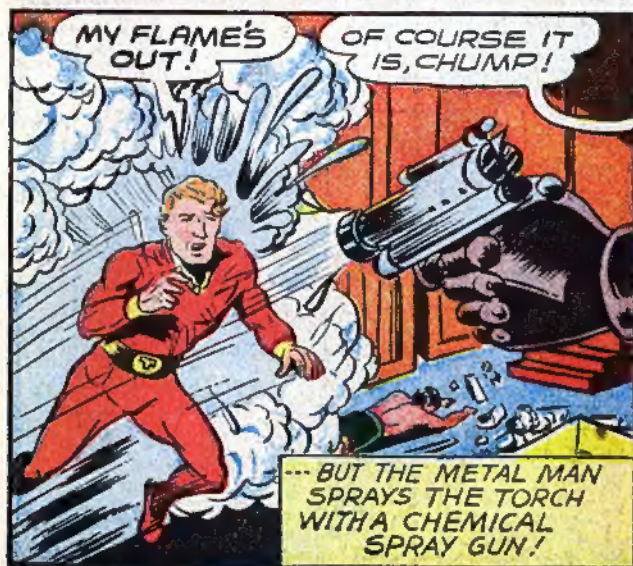
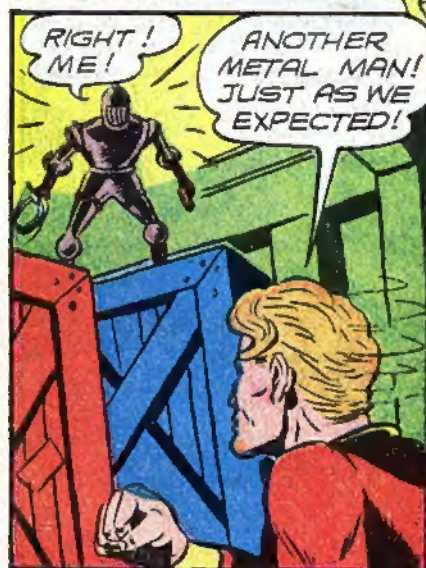
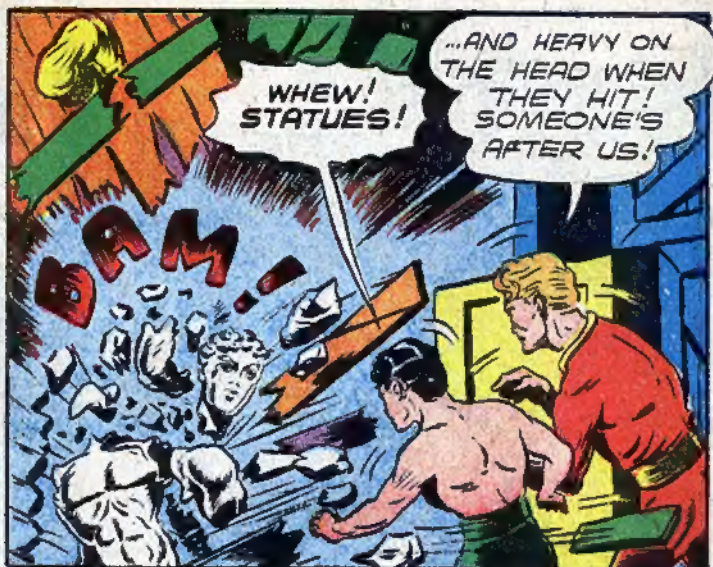


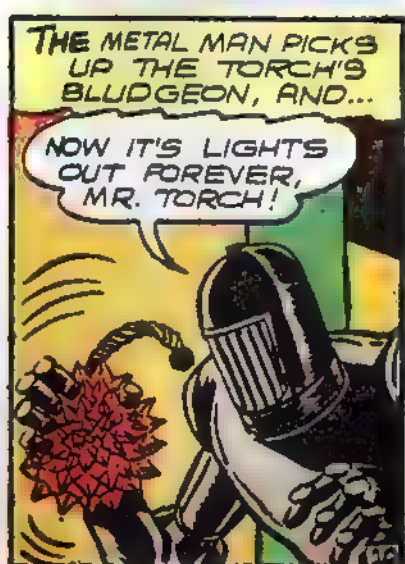
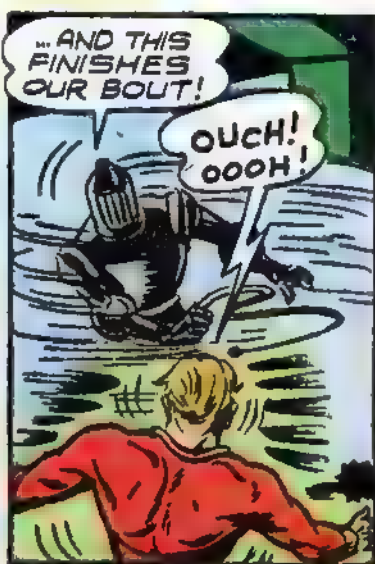
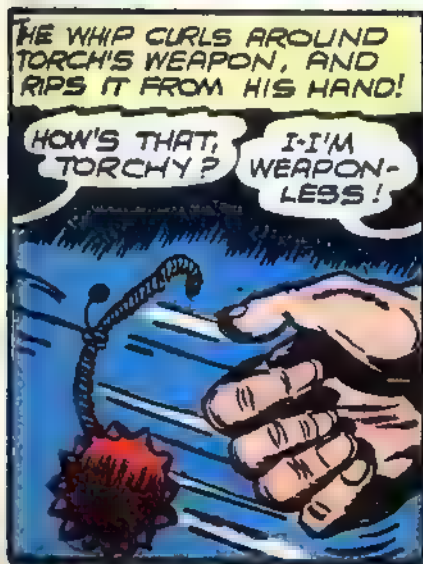
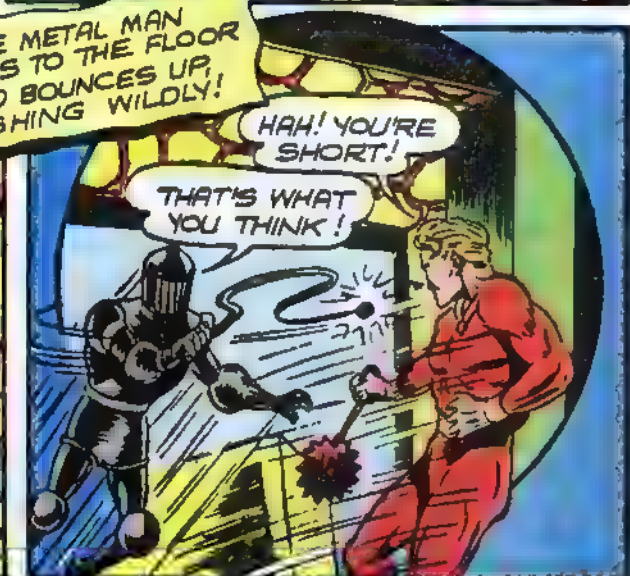
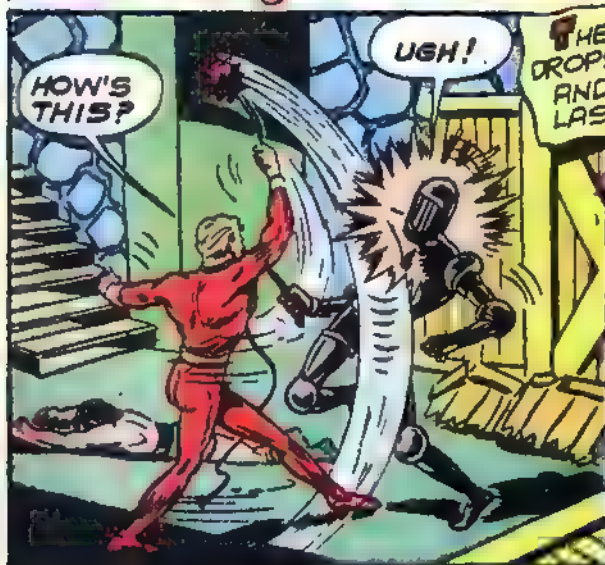
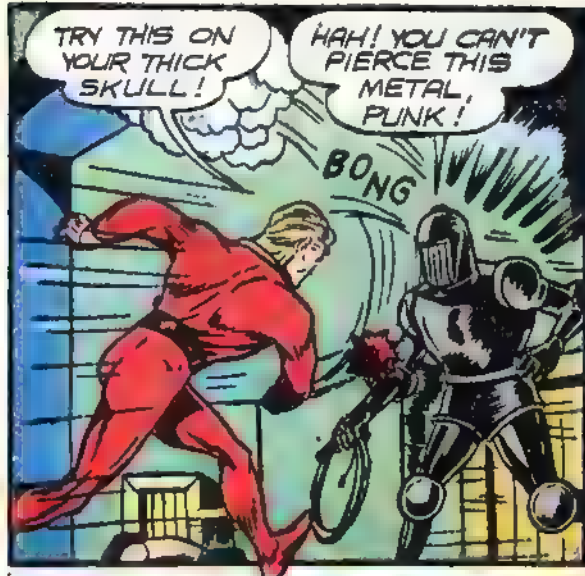


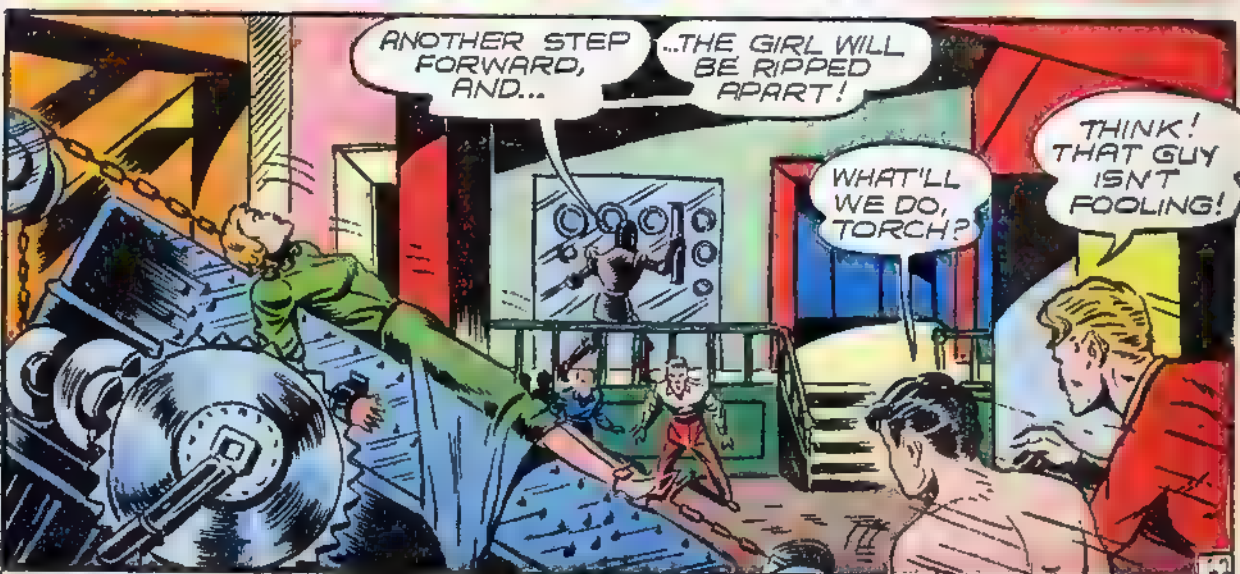
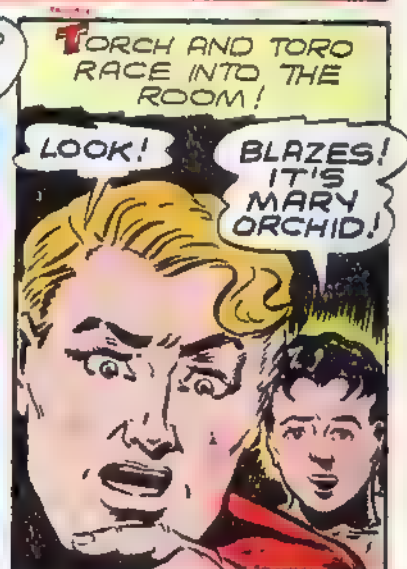
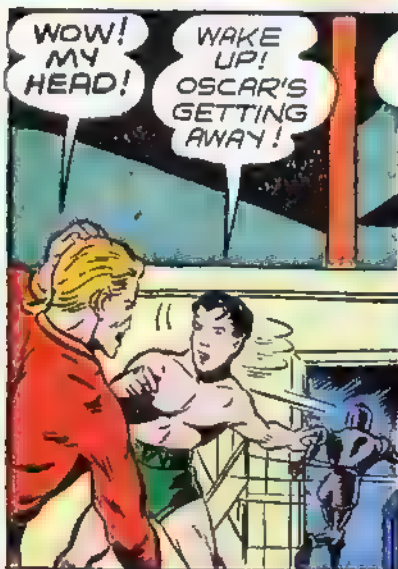
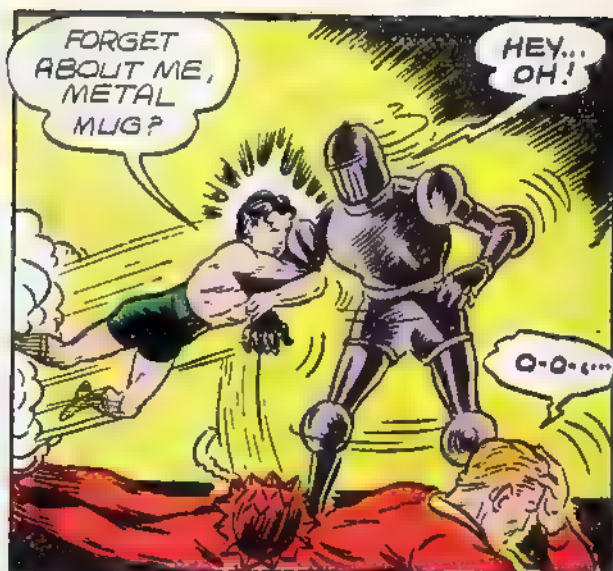
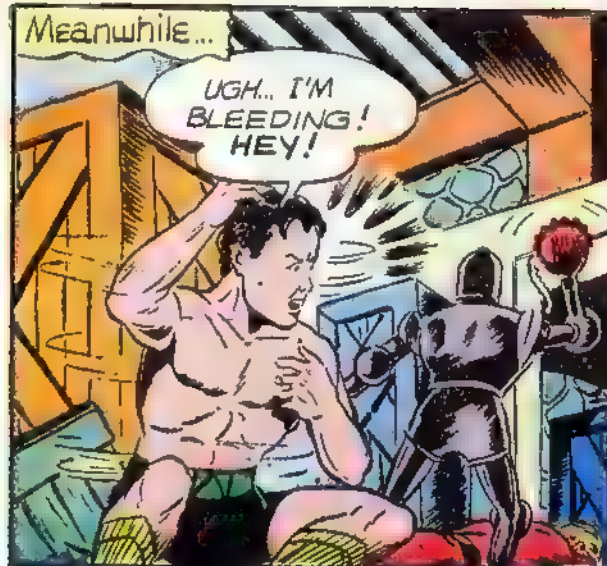




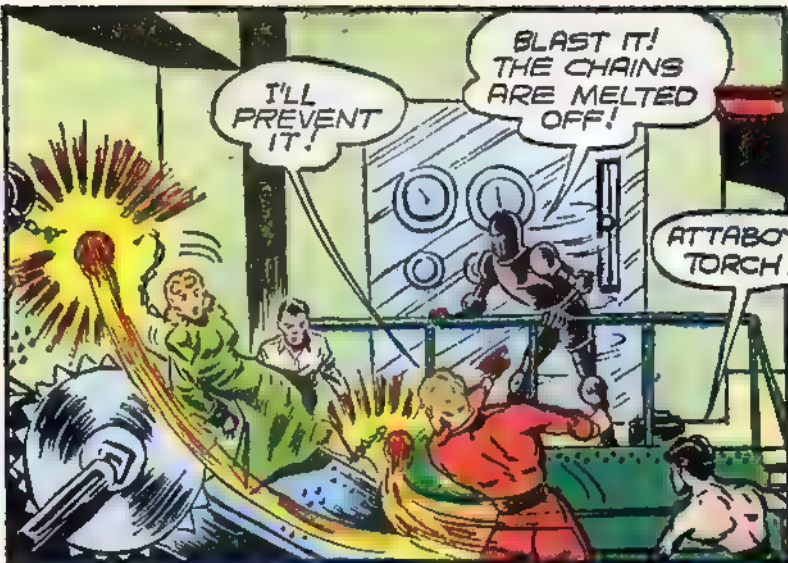
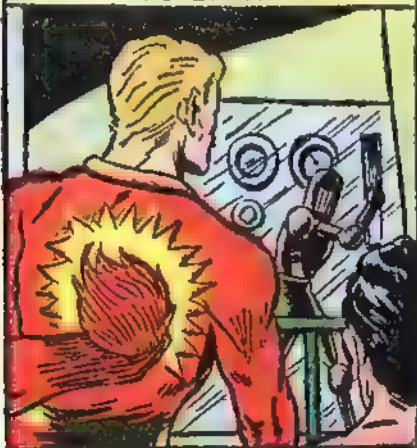








AS THE CHEMICAL SPRAY WEARS OFF TORCH WHIPS UP A FIRE BALL, AND HOLDS IT BEHIND HIS BACK!



I'LL PREVENT IT!

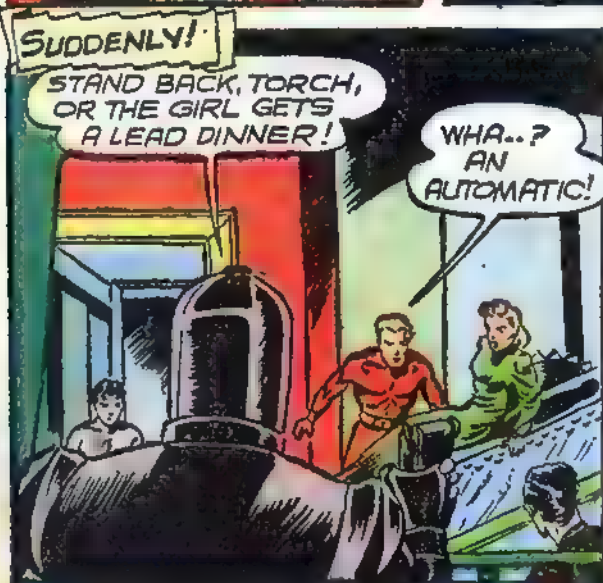
BLAST IT! THE CHAINS ARE MELTED OFF!

ATTABOY, TORCH!

SUDDENLY!

STAND BACK, TORCH, OR THE GIRL GETS A LEAD DINNERS!

WHA..? AN AUTOMATIC!

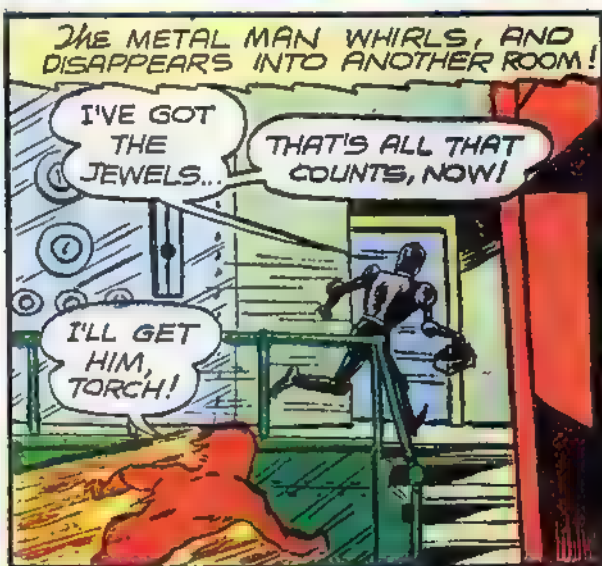


THE METAL MAN WHIRLS, AND DISAPPEARS INTO ANOTHER ROOM!

I'VE GOT THE JEWELS...

THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS, NOW!

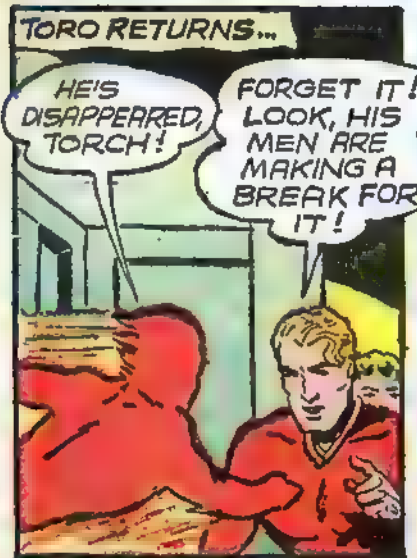
I'LL GET HIM, TORCH!



TORO RETURNS...

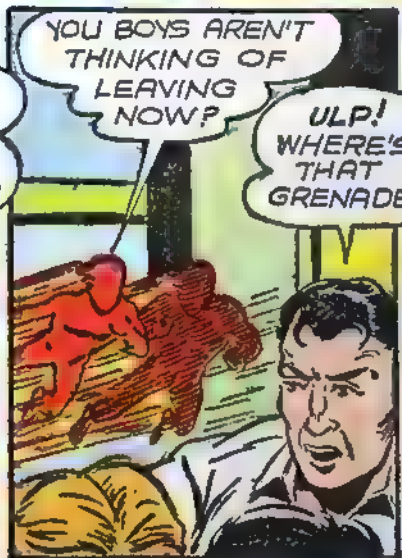
HE'S DISAPPEARED, TORCH!

FORGET IT! LOOK, HIS MEN ARE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!



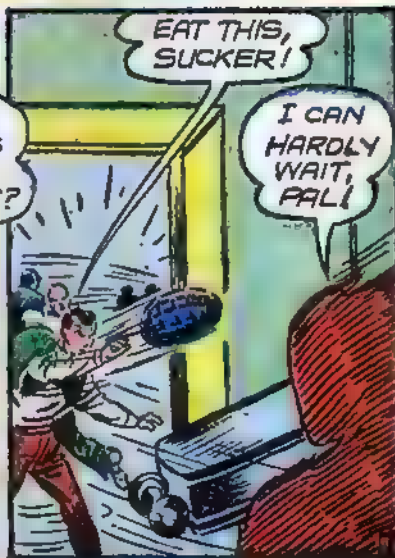
YOU BOYS AREN'T THINKING OF LEAVING NOW?

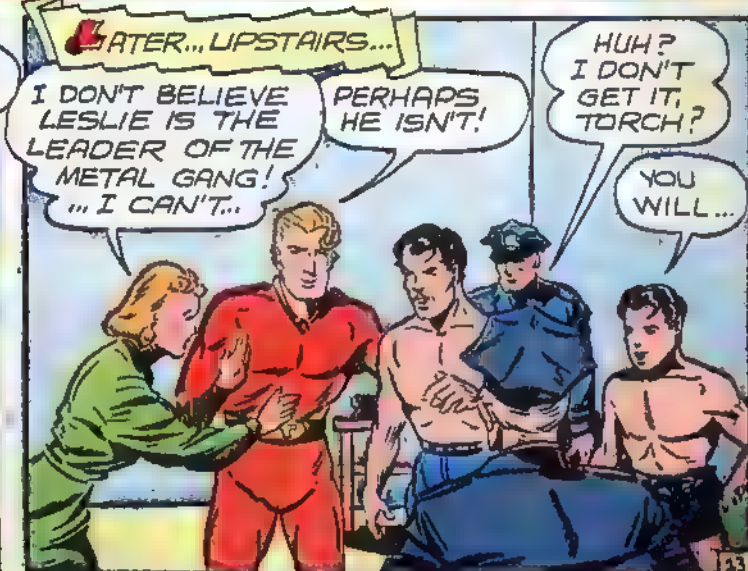
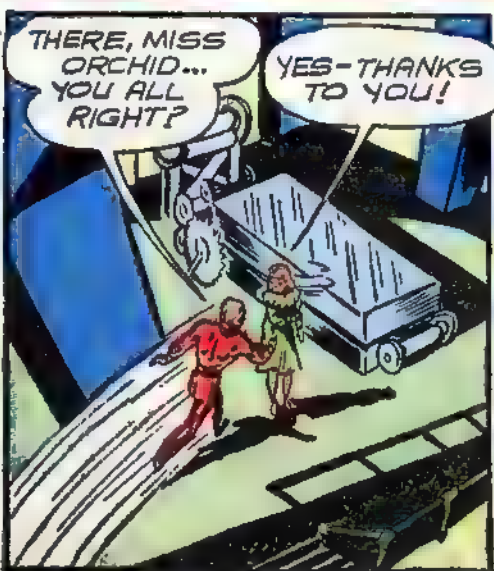
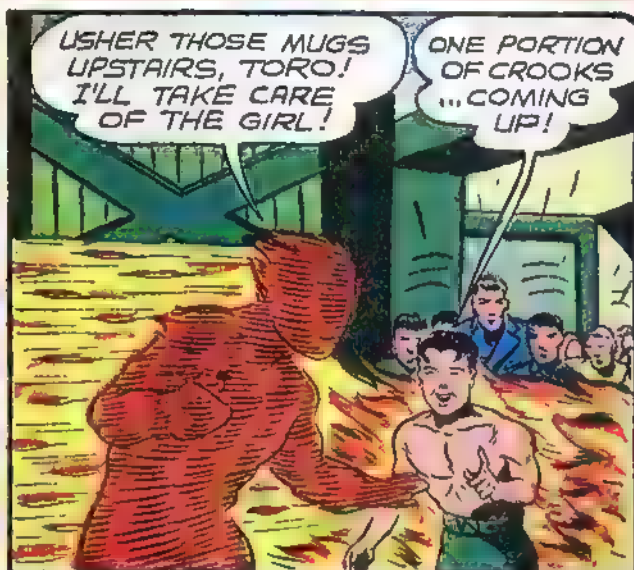
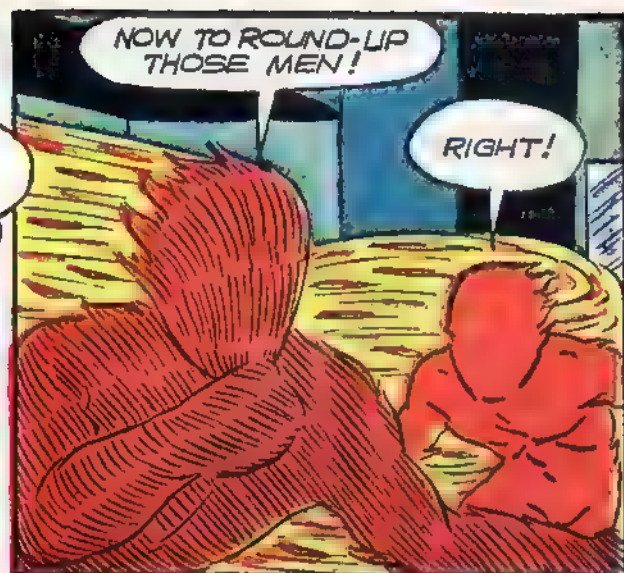
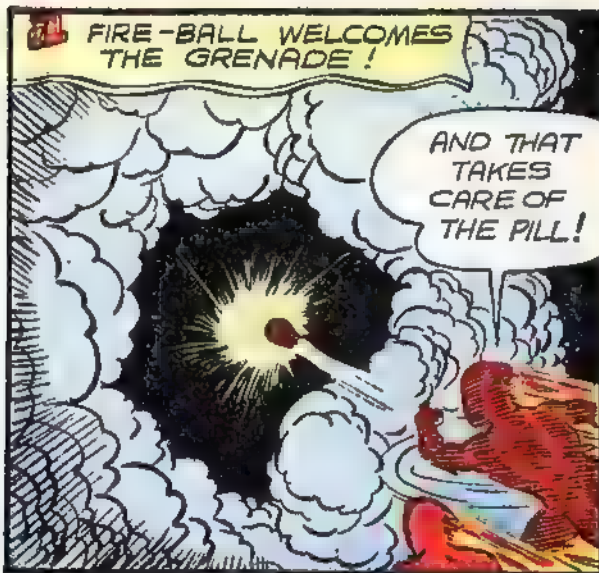
ULP! WHERE'S THAT GRENADE?

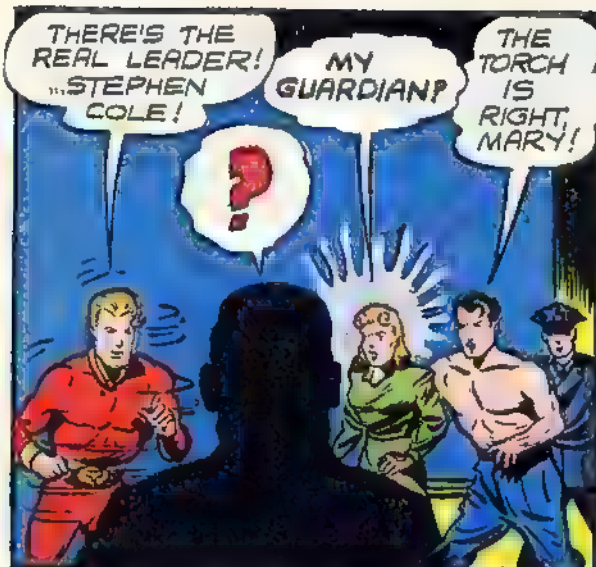


EAT THIS, SUCKER!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT, PAL!



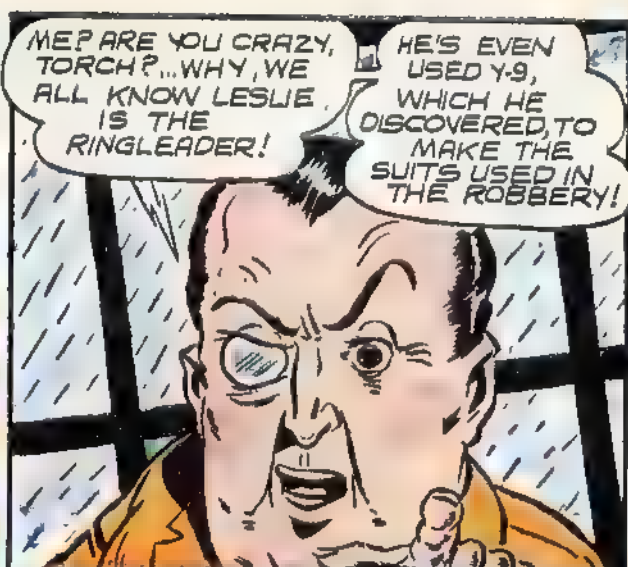




THERE'S THE
REAL LEADER!
"STEPHEN
COLE!"

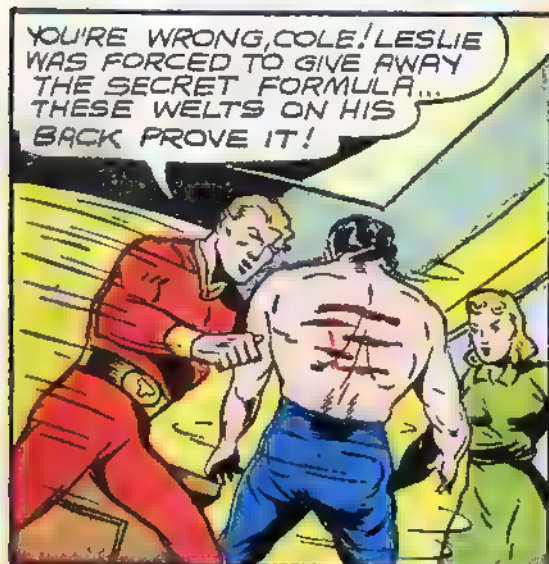
MY
GUARDIAN?

THE
TORCH
IS
RIGHT,
MARY!

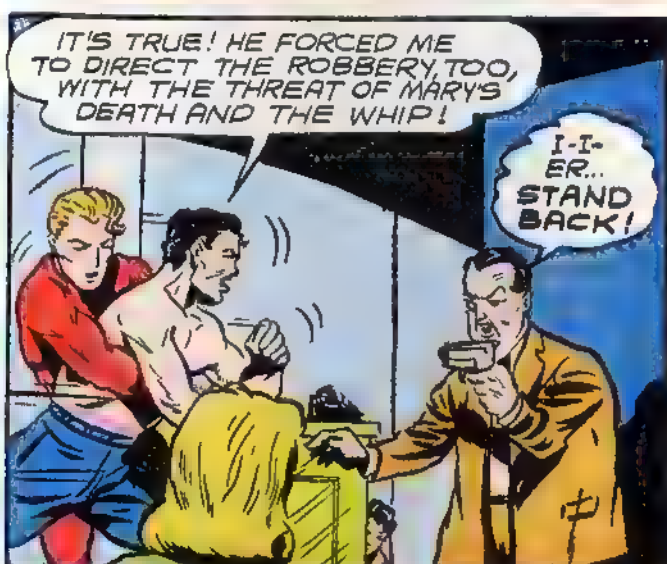


ME? ARE YOU CRAZY,
TORCH?... WHY, WE
ALL KNOW LESLIE
IS THE
RINGLEADER!

HE'S EVEN
USED Y-9,
WHICH HE
DISCOVERED, TO
MAKE THE
SUITS USED IN
THE ROBBERY!



YOU'RE WRONG, COLE! LESLIE
WAS FORCED TO GIVE AWAY
THE SECRET FORMULA...
THESE WELTS ON HIS
BACK PROVE IT!



IT'S TRUE! HE FORCED ME
TO DIRECT THE ROBBERY, TOO,
WITH THE THREAT OF MARY'S
DEATH AND THE WHIP!

I-I-
ER...
STAND
BACK!



THAT GUN... I'VE
SEEN IT BEFORE!
YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO FLOGGED
TORO AND ME!

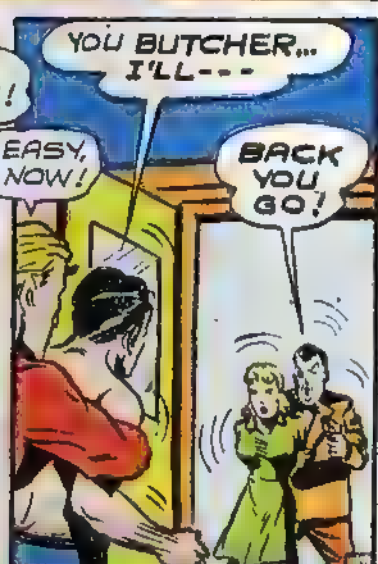
SO
WHAT?
MARY,
STEP
FORWARD!



NO, MARY...
DON'T!

I-I DESPISE
YOU,
STEPHEN!

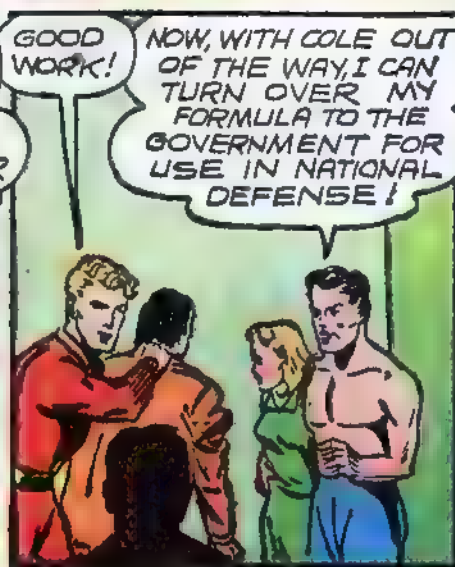
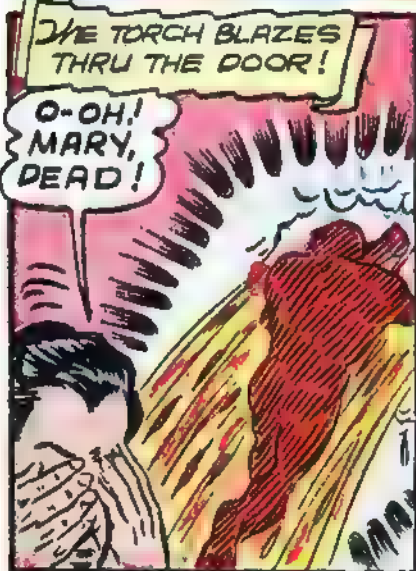
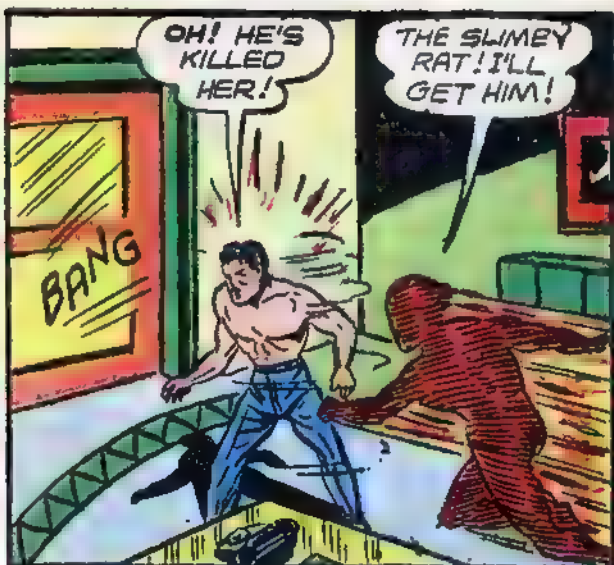
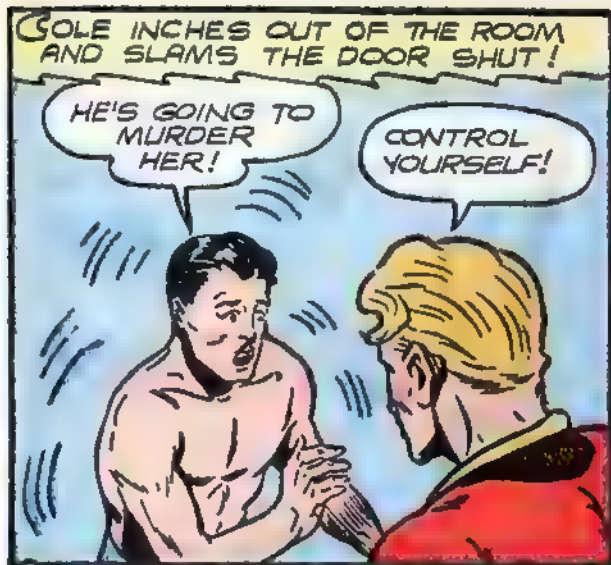
HOW
COZY!



YOU BUTCHER...
I'LL---

EASY,
NOW!

BACK
YOU
GO!



THE SUB-MARINER

and
"REPRISAL"
Revenge

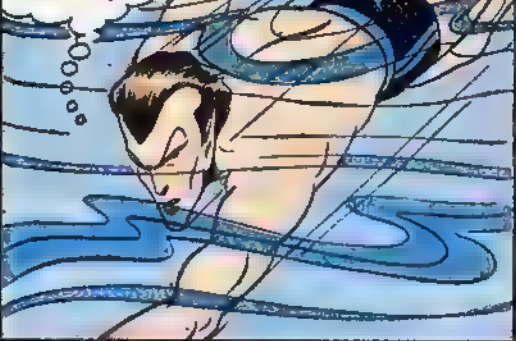
By
Bill Werel



WHEREIN NAMOR'S CLEVER
STRATEGY RALLIES A BE-
LEAGUED NATION TO
ARISE AND DEFEND ITSELF!

AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, SWIMMING SOUTH THROUGH THE ATLANTIC, HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH STEFAN NATAS, THE MAD ARTIST....

TIME I FOUND OUT HOW THINGS ARE AT-HOME!

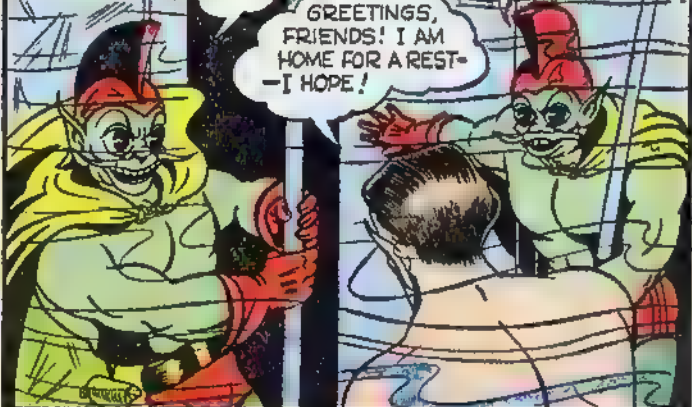


SOME TIME LATER, HE APPROACHES THE GATES OF HIS ICE-CASTLE IN THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC----

PRINCE NAMOR!!!
WELL! WELCOME HOME, SIR!

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, MASTER?

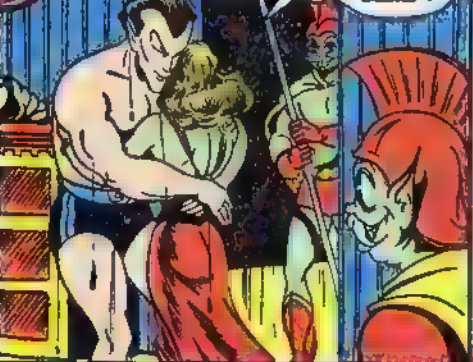
GREETINGS, FRIENDS! I AM HOME FOR A REST--I HOPE!



IN THE PALACE HALL, HE GREETES HIS MOTHER, WHO RULES THE EMPIRE IN HIS ABSENCE---

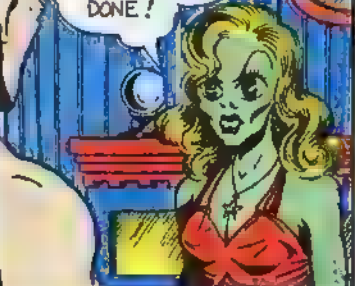
MOTHER!

NAMOR! MY SON! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU -- YOU'VE BEEN AWAY SO LONG!



LATER, WHEN THEY ARE ALONE---

THINGS HAVE BEEN QUIET HERE, NAMOR, BUT I AM DISTURBED ABOUT THE WARS IN THE NORTH. THE FREE FRENCH ARE FIGHTING VALIANTLY, BUT THE REPRISAL EXECUTIONS BY THE NAZIS ARE POSITIVELY REVOLTING! SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE!



YOU ARE RIGHT, MOTHER! FOR EVERY GERMAN OFFICER SHOT BY A FREE FRENCH SNIPER, AT LEAST A DOZEN FRENCH PRISONERS ARE SENT BEFORE A FIRING-SQUAD -- AND SOME-TIMES MORE! IT'S FOUL AND DIRTY PLAY, EVEN IF THEY DO SAY THAT "ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR!"



THE FOLLOWING DAY, NAMOR CALLS A MEETING OF HIS WAR CABINET-----

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SET THE FACTS BEFORE YOU. I AM ASKING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO CONDUCT WITH ME A SERIES OF GUERRILLA RAIDS ON THE NAZI-HELD PORTS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE. HOW MANY MEN CAN WE ENLIST?

JUST AS MANY AS YOU NEED, SIRE!



I SHALL ASSEMBLE MY BATTALION IMMEDIATELY! FOUR COMPANIES OF MEN WELL VERSED IN LAND WARFARE!

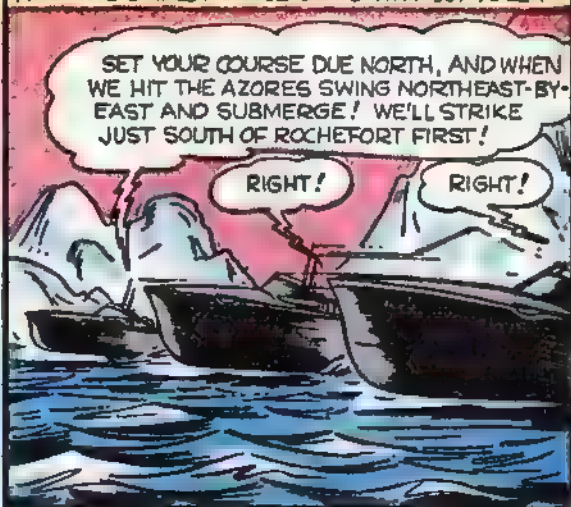
AND I SHALL CALL UP SIX SQUADRONS OF THE SUBMERSIBLE TORPEDO-BOATS -FORTY-EIGHT, ALL TOLD! WE'LL BE IN FORMATION WITHIN THE HOUR!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR'S TWO LIEUTENANTS SUMMON THEIR MEN AND THEIR TORPEDO-BOATS, AND AWAIT NAMOR'S ARRIVAL IN THE ICE-STREWN BAY---



A MOMENT LATER NAMOR BOARDS HIS OWN CRAFT, AND THE SPEEDY LITTLE BOATS WHIPOUT TO SEA---



DAYS LATER, THEY SLIP UNNOTICED, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, INTO A LITTLE SEAPORT TOWN ON THE BAY OF BISCAVE---



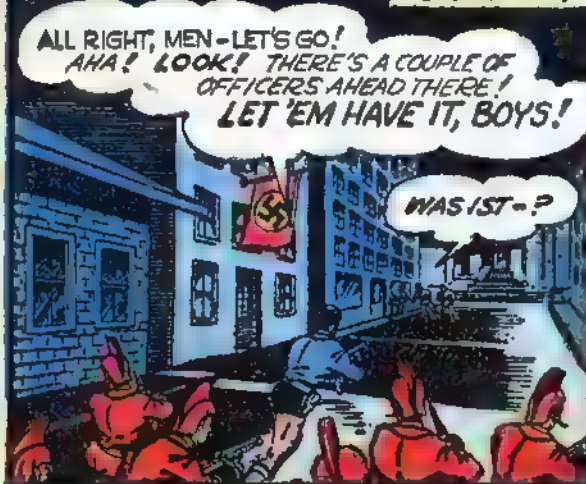
SILENTLY THEY CRAWL UP THE DOCKS, EYES ALERT, AND FINGERS NERVOUS ON THE TRIGGERS OF THEIR SUB-MACHINE GUNS



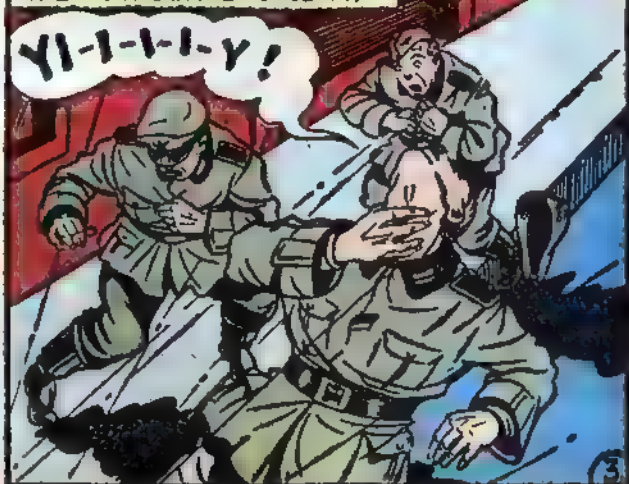
WE'LL SEPARATE HERE, AND FAN OUT THROUGH THE TOWN ----- REMEMBER -WHenever YOU SEE A NAZI OFFICER, LET HIM HAVE IT! AND SET FIRE TO EVERY NAZI-OPERATED HEADQUARTERS BUILDING OR WAREHOUSE YOU RUN ACROSS! HAVE NO MERCY!



INSTANTLY, NAMOR'S MEN COMMENCE THEIR MISSION OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



THE PEACEFUL NIGHT AIR IS SUDDENLY SPLIT BY THE EAR-SHATTERING STACCATO BARK OF THE RIOT-GUNS! -THEN A STRANGLED SCREAM!



A MOMENT LATER NAMOR'S MEN TEAR THROUGH THE TOWN, BLAZING TORCHES FIRING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT----

THAT'S ENOUGH, BOYS!
COME ON- BACK TO
THE BOATS!



IN A JIFFY THE RAIDERS PILE INTO THE WAITING TORPEDO BOATS, AND ROAR OUT INTO THE HARBOR ----

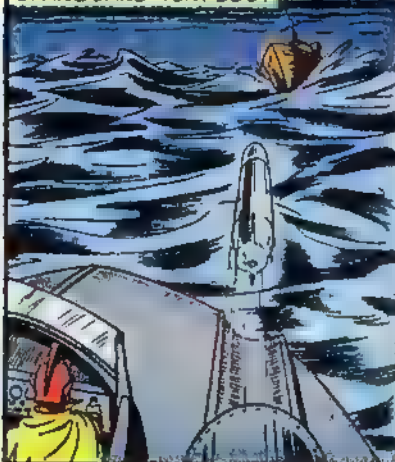
GIVE 'ER THE GUN,
HAMARI! ON TO
THE NEXT TOWN!



BUT AS THEY SKIM OVER THE WATER, A NAZI SUB-CHASER POUNDS THE WAVES IN PURSUIT!



NAMOR SPOTTING THE DEADLY HUNTER, SKIDS HIS CRAFT ABOUT, AND DISCHARGES THE STARBOARD TORPEDO!



THE NAZI VESSEL BURSTS ASUNDER!



-AND THE SUB-MARINER'S FLEET DARTS OUT TO SEA, SAFE FROM THE ENEMY!

WELL DONE, LADS! THOSE
BABIES NEVER KNEW
WHAT HIT THEM!



AN HOUR OR SO LATER, AT NAZI MILITARY HEADQUARTERS IN VICHY---

ACH, DER LIEBER! THIS INSOLENCE MUST BE STOPPED! WHOEVER THIS IMPUDENT RAIDER IS, WE MUST BE ANNIHILATED- IMMEDIATELY! WE WILL HAVE ANOTHER REPRISAL EXECUTION AT DAWN!



REPORTS HAVE IT THAT THE RAIDERS ARE NOT FRENCH, BUT UNIDENTIFIED ALIENS -- HOWEVER, THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR THE FRENCH, AND MUST BE TAUGHT THAT THEY CANNOT INTERFERE WITH **THE GREAT CAUSE!** IN THE MORNING WE WILL ELIMINATE FIFTY POLITICAL PRISONERS!!!



AND AS A COLD, BLEAK DAWN COMES UP OVER

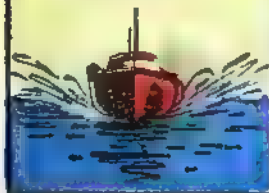
NORMANDIE--

FIRE!



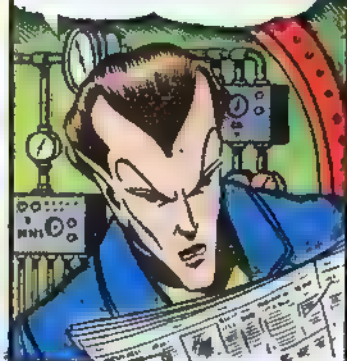
AND SO THE REPRISAL EXECUTIONS CONTINUE--

MORE AND MORE FRENCH PRISONERS ARE SHOT OR HUNG AS NAMOR'S RAIDING PARTIES PROGRESS NORTHWARD, WORKING TOWARD THE CHANNEL COAST.



SUFFERIN' SHARKS!

THOSE DIRTY SWINE WILL NEVER STOP! MORE KILLINGS - DOUBLE THE NUMBER EVERY TIME WE MAKE A RAID! WELL, THIS TIME WE'LL SHOW 'EM!



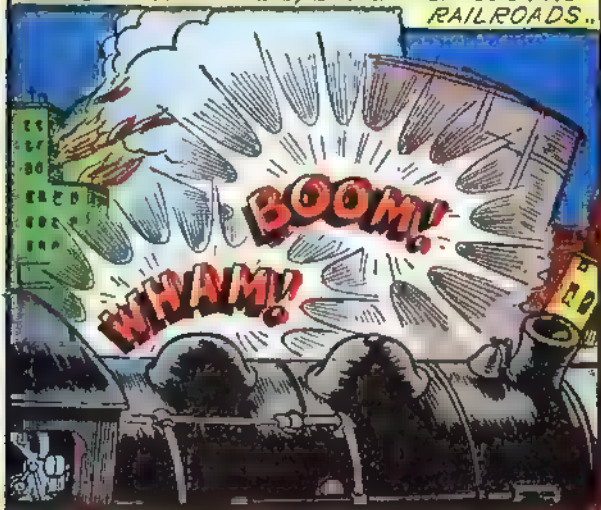
THAT SAME EVENING, NAMOR ATTACKS AN

INDUSTRIAL CITY--

CUT 'EM DOWN, BOYS! GIVE THE RATS A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!

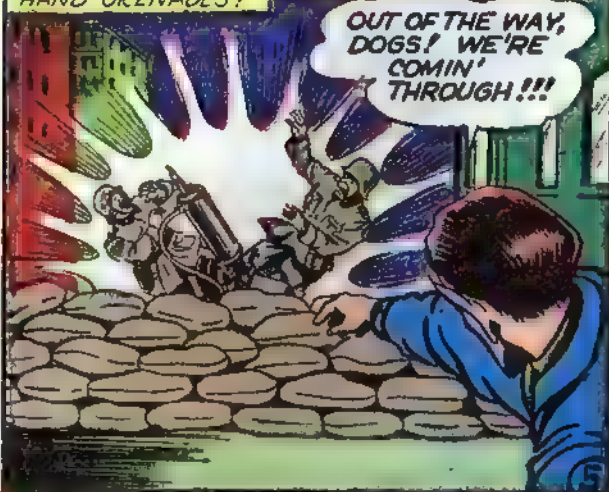


SURGING THROUGH THE CITY, THEY SET FIRES TO OIL STORES, BOMB BRIDGES AND RAILROADS..



NAMOR, HIMSELF, CLEARS THE WAY THROUGH BARRICADED STREETS WITH WELL-PLACED HAND GRENADES!

OUT OF THE WAY, DOGS! WE'RE COMIN' THROUGH!!!



LATER, AS NAMOR'S BOATS CLEAR THE HARBOR AND SUBMERGE ----

LISTEN, MASTER!

DNB REPORTING! ATTENTION! THIS IS TO WARN THE MYSTERIOUS ALIEN RAIDERS OF THE FRENCH COAST THAT THE R ATROCITIES WILL ONLY PROVOKE MORE AND MORE REPRISALS. DESIST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



NAMOR IMMEDIATELY ORDERS HIS MEN TO PUT IN TO A SECLUDED COVE ---- LANDING, HE UNLOADS A DOZEN OR MORE BOXES AND BARRELS ---

WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OUR TACTICS! HERE ARE CIVILIAN CLOTHES TO OUTFIT YOU ALL - AND MOLDED RUBBER MASKS TO DISGUISE YOUR FEATURES. WE'LL GET AT THE NAZIS INTERNALLY FROM NOW ON, AND AROUSE FRANCE TO A GREAT REVOLUTION!!!



DAILY, THE ANTARCTIC FISH-MEN DON THEIR RUBBER MASKS----

WHAT HO, FALDA! YOU LOOK LIKE A FULL-FLEDGED 'FROG' ALL RIGHT! HA!



LATER THE SAME NIGHT THE TORPEDO BOATS DART UP THE COAST, DROPPING DISGUISED SUB-MARINERS OFF AT ALMOST EVERY SMALL PORT----

GOOD LUCK, BARTA!

AU REVOIR!



IN EACH COMMUNITY THE SUB-MARINERS RALLY THE POPULATION TO A COMMON CAUSE ----

MES AMIS! C'EST VRAI! THE REVOLUTION IS COMING! ALREADY IN THE NORTH HUNDREDS OF PATRIOTS HAVE OBTAINED ARMS AND ARE AMASSING SECRETLY TO OVERTHROW NAZI TYRANNY. SOON YOU, TOO, WILL HAVE ARMS, AND WE SHALL ALL RISE TOGETHER AS ONE!

C'EST IMPOSSIBLE!

SACRÉ BLEU!



AND SUBTLY THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE A PLAGUE - IT IS WHISPERED FROM MOUTH TO EAR ALL OVER THE LAND, AS NAMOR'S CAMPAIGN RUSHES FORTH!

TELL THIS ONLY TO YOUR DEAREST FRIEND, AND LET HIM TELL IT ONLY TO HIS! THUS, IN NO TIME AT ALL WE SHALL HAVE AMASSED OUR QUOTA - THEN - WE STRIKE !!!



ONE WEEK LATER NAMOR'S BOATS RETURN TO THE SMALL FRENCH PORTS...

DID YOU ARRANGE TO PICK UP OUR LOYALIST FOLLOWERS, FOLMA?

I DID SIR! THEY SHOULD BE WAITING AT THE DOCKS, NOW



AND SILENTLY, FURTIVELY THE LOYAL FRENCH SUPPORTERS BOARD THE SUB-MARINER'S VESSELS

HENRI! ARE YOU SURE NO ONE HAS FOLLOWED US?

MAIS CERTES PIERRE! NO ONE SUSPECTS US!



AT EACH COAST TOWN, THE BOATS PICK UP MORE CITIZENS UNTIL ALL THE LEADERS OF NAMOR'S NEW FACTION ARE COLLECTED

I-I DON'T KNOW, JEAN! I'M AFRAID---

PAH! DON'T BE A FOOL, PAUL! LE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS EST BRAVE!



SWIFTLY THE FRENCHMEN ARE TRANSPORTED TO AN UNDERSEA RENDEZVOUS IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, WHERE THE SUBMERSIBLE CRAFT COME TO REST...



WE WILL WAIT HERE FOR A RADIO ADDRESS FROM OUR COMMANDER, PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER! YOU WILL ALL LISTEN CAREFULLY TO HIM!

IN A FEW MINUTES, NAMOR SPEAKS TO HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED FOLLOWERS IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE---

MES AMIS --- YOU ARE ALL QUITE AWARE OF HOW DANGEROUS A MISSION OURS IS-- I CANNOT IMPRESS THAT TOO STRONGLY UPON YOU! WE ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A GREAT MOVE THAT, WE HOPE, WILL MEAN DEATH TO THE NAZI REGIME IN FRANCE!



WITHIN THE WEEK YOU, WHOM I HAVE SELECTED AS DISTRICT LEADERS, WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH ENOUGH ARMS TO EQUIP ALL YOUR COMRADES. THEN, AT A SIGNAL FROM MY SCOUTS, WE WILL STRIKE TOGETHER--ALL OVER THE NATION!



AFTER THE MEETING, THE FRENCHMEN ARE RETURNED TO THEIR HOMES, TO AWAIT THE ZERO HOUR---

MON DIEU, GASTON! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING! DO YOU HONESTLY THINK IT WILL WORK?

BUT OF COURSE, GUILLAUME! WE CANNOT FAIL!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, NAMOR MEETS HIS PERSONAL LIEUTENANTS AT A SECRET FIELD RADIO POST IN A WOODED SECTOR NOT FAR FROM VICHY.

WISH THIS CONFOUNDED RAIN WOULD STOP! IT'S NEARLY TIME, FOLMA--- IS THE TRANSMITTER READY?



MANY MILES AWAY, ONE OF NAMOR'S DISGUISED SCOUTS PICKS UP HIS BROADCAST....

SCOUTS 36, 24, 65, 67, 32, AND 79, GO TO YOUR STATIONS IMMEDIATELY! WARN YOUR MEN THAT THE ZERO HOUR IS HERE!



ALL OVER THE NATION, THE SCOUTS GET THEIR ORDERS, AND RALLY THE FRENCH REACTIONARIES...

HERE HE COMES NOW! THIS MUST BE IT, MES FRÈRES!



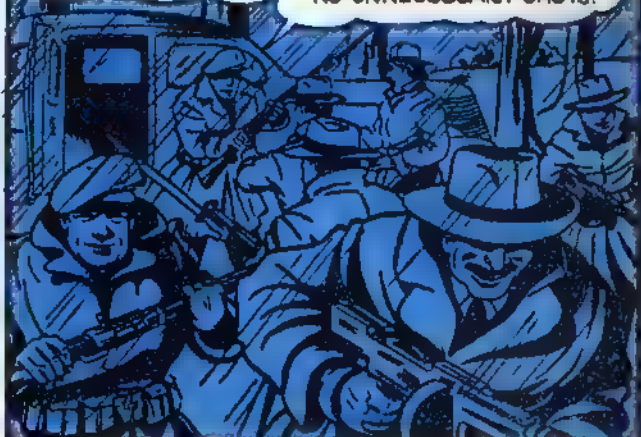
THE SCOUTS GIVE THEIR FOLLOWERS A LAST MINUTE 'PEP TALK'----

THIS MAY BE A DEATH-STRUGGLE, COMRADES, BUT WE MUST NOT FAIL!!! IT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR FREEDOM-TO SAVE OUR SELF-RESPECT. IT'S "DO-OR-DIE"-AND I WANT NO MAN TO TURN BACK ONCE WE START-NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES!



--AND DISPENSE FIREARMS TO ALL----

SUB-MACHINE GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, GRENADES - PLENTY FOR ALL! USE THEM ACCURATELY, WASTE NO UNNECESSARY SHOTS!



AND ONE HOUR LATER - THE FIRST BLOW!!!

DOWN WITH THE NAZIS!

BURN 'EM!

MURDER 'EM!

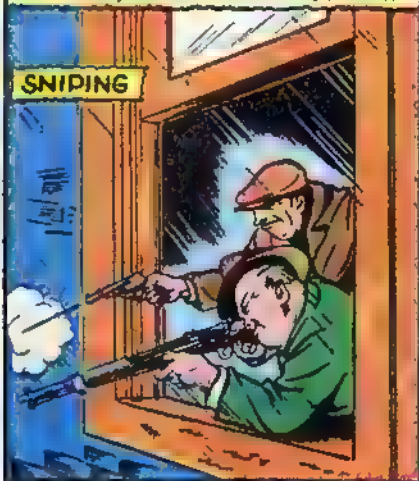
VIVE LA FRANCE!

ON TO VICHY!!!

Y-I-I-Y!



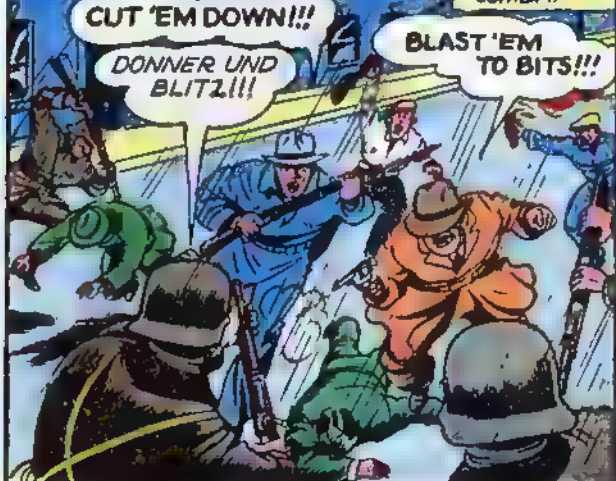
AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN ALL FOUR CORNERS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE, THE LOYALISTS STRIKE!



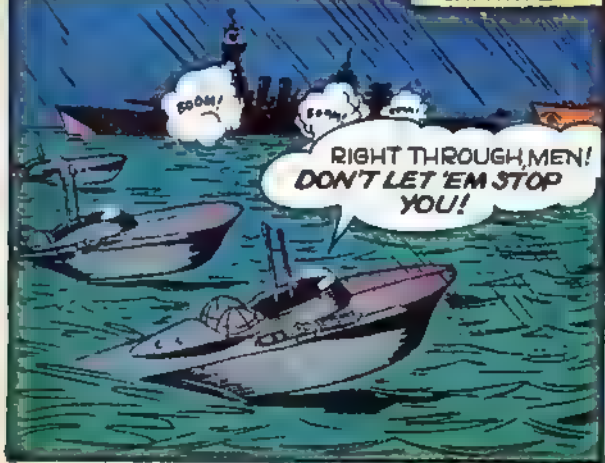
IN HAMLETS, TOWNS, AND CITIES, NAZI OPERATED INDUSTRIES, BARRACKS, AND TERMINALS, ARE DESTROYED WITH VENGEFUL HATRED!



IN LARGE COMMUNITIES, THE FRENCH AND GERMANS MEET IN HAND-TO-HAND STREET COMBAT----



IN THE MEANTIME, NAMOR'S FLEET OF SUBMERSIBLE TORPEDO BOATS, CHARGES THE NAZI BLOCKADE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL----



- AND RUNNING THEIR CRAFT AGROUND ON A SANDY BEACH, THE "INVADERS" SCRAMBLE ASHORE, YELLING WILDLY!



TAKING OVER THE TOWN AT HIS "PORT OF ENTRY," HE RALLIES THE POPULACE WITH A DYNAMIC SPEECH!

CITIZENS! ARISE! NO LONGER SHALL THE NAZIS PERSECUTE YOU! FOLLOW ME TO VICHY!



HYSTERICAL IN THEIR ANGER AND ENTHUSIASM, THE CITIZENS STAMPEDE THE TOWN, BURNING, PURGING NAZI ESTABLISHMENTS AS THEY SURGE IN NAMOR'S FOOTSTEPS!

YEOW-EEE!

HITLER! LET ME AT HIM!

WE WANT HITLER!

ON TO VICHY!

STRING HIM UP!

LONG LIVE PRINCE NAMOR!



MEANWHILE, IN OTHER SECTIONS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE, VIGILANTES COMMANDER PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAINS---



---AND BOARD THEM, MASSACRING THE NAZI OCCUPANTS, SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER!!!

THROW 'EM OUT!

NEXT STOP PARIS!

YIPEEE!

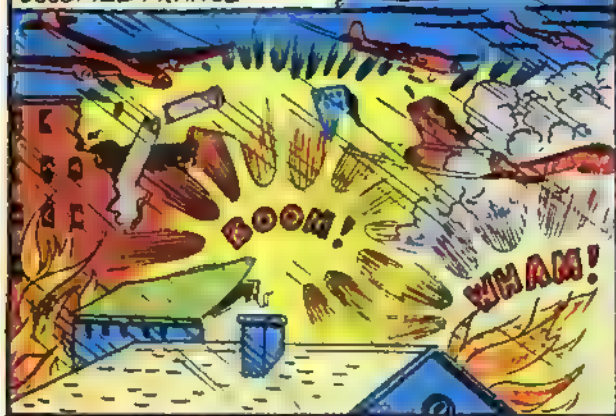


AND OTHER REACTIONARIES, MORE CAUTIOUS, AMBUSH NAZI AIRFIELDS CONFISCATING PLANES AND EQUIPMENT---

SOIGNEUSEMENT, MES AMIS! WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, NAZI BOMBERS, PILOTED BY FREE FRENCH AVIATORS, ROAR OVER INDUSTRIAL CITIES, BLASTING MUNITIONS FACTORIES, STORAGE WAREHOUSES, AND ALL NERVE CENTERS OF THE NAZI REGIME IN OCCUPIED FRANCE----

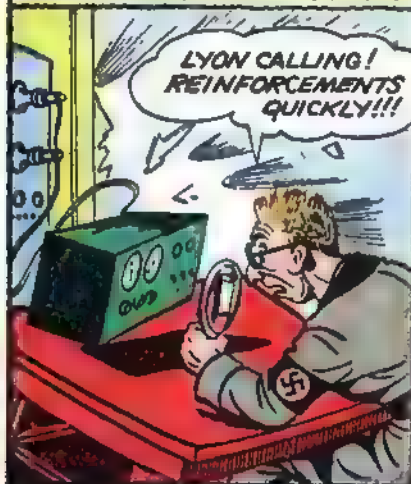


AND TRANSPORT PLANES, ALSO STOLEN FROM THE NAZIS, DROP FREE FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS, HEAVILY ARMED AND EQUIPPED TO BATTLE TO THE FINISH----

THEY CAN'T STOP US NOW!!!



AS THE FURY OF THE REVOLUTION RAGES, NAZI RADIO OPERATORS ALL OVER THE LAND SCREAM FOR HELP!



-AND IN ENGLAND, THEIR PANICKY PLEA FOR HELP IS PICKED UP BY WIRELESS SCOUTS---

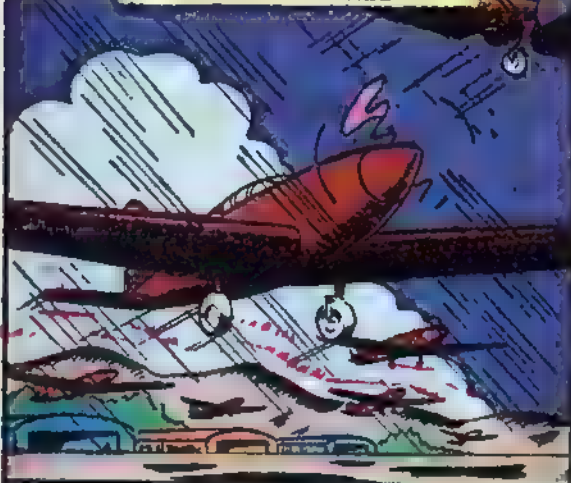
WELL, BLIMEY! WOT D'YE KNOW ABOUT THAT???



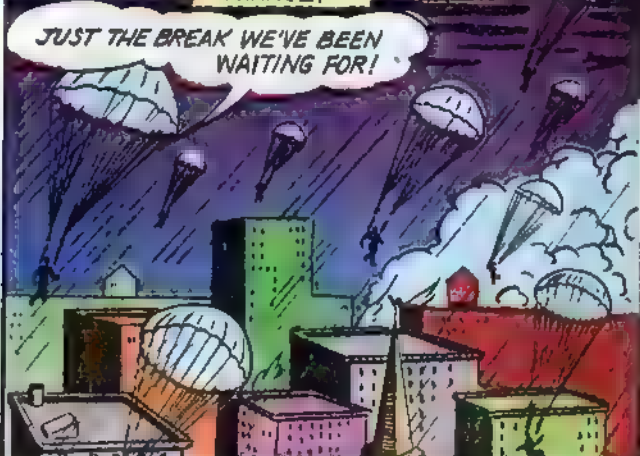
INSTANTLY THE NEWS IS RUSHED TO R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS, LONDON--



QUICK AS A FLASH, THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TAKES TO THE SKY, ROARING BY THE HUNDREDS OVER THE CHANNEL ----



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE FRENCH SURPRISE UPRISING, THEY DROP PARACHUTE TROOPS OVER THE ENTIRE AREA OF OCCUPIED FRANCE!



IN VICHY, TERROR REIGNS IN THE NAZI CONSULATE--- FRANTICALLY, THE GERMAN OFFICIALS JAM DIPLOMATIC FILES INTO BRIEFS, AND GATHER THEIR BELONGINGS---

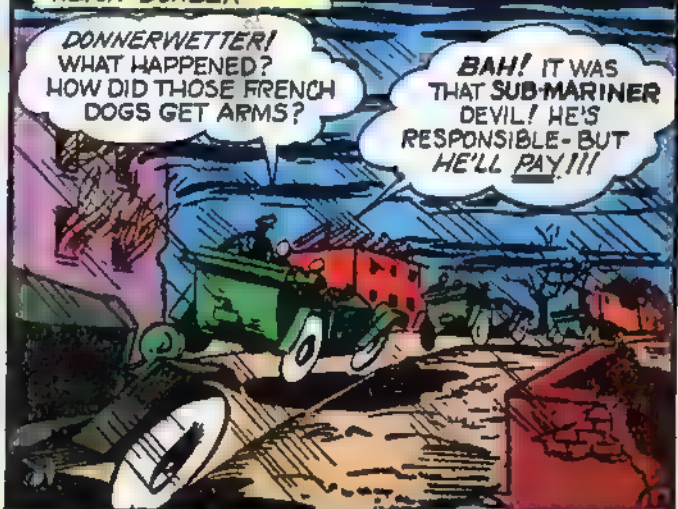
HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!!!



---AND FLEE WITH TERRIFIED SPEED TOWARD THE REICH BORDER---

DONNERWETTER! WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID THOSE FRENCH DOGS GET ARMS?

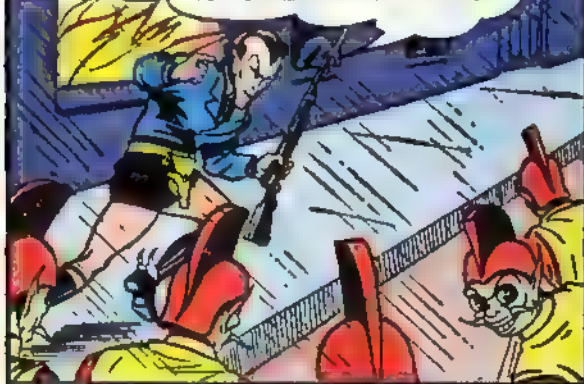
BAH! IT WAS THAT SUB-MARINER DEVIL! HE'S RESPONSIBLE - BUT HE'LL PAY!!!



MEANWHILE, THE REVOLUTION WELL UNDER WAY, NAMOR DECIDES THAT THERE IS NO MORE HIS MEN CAN DO AT PRESENT FOR THE CAUSE OF THE FREE

FRENCH---

COME ON, MEN - OUR WORK IS DONE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



THEY RACE BACK TO THE SEAPORT WHERE THEIR BEACHED TORPEDO-BOATS LIE WELL GUARDED IN THE SURF----

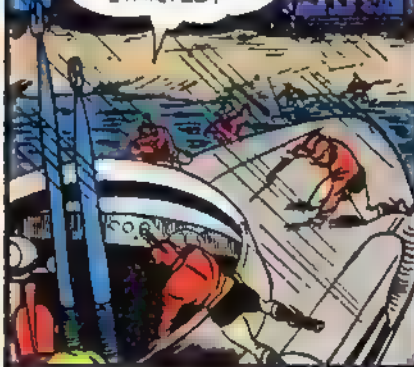
A GOOD JOB, MEN! NOW TO CLEAR
THE HARBOR, AND
HEAD FOR HOME!

THIS WAS A CINCH!
LEAVE IT TO PRINCE
NAMOR, OUR EMPEROR!



HASTILY, THEY SCRAMBLE ABOARD
THE BOATS, AND HEAD OUT TO SEA---

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO
THE FRENCH - THEY'RE DEVILS
ONCE THEY GET
STARTED!



AS THE TINY VESSELS ROAR
THROUGH THE HARBOR, A
NAZI PATROL BOAT SETS OUT
IN RAPID PURSUIT!

LOOK, HERR LEUDNANT!
THERE THEY ARE AGAIN!
THE RAIDERS!

AFTER THEM!
FULL SPEED!

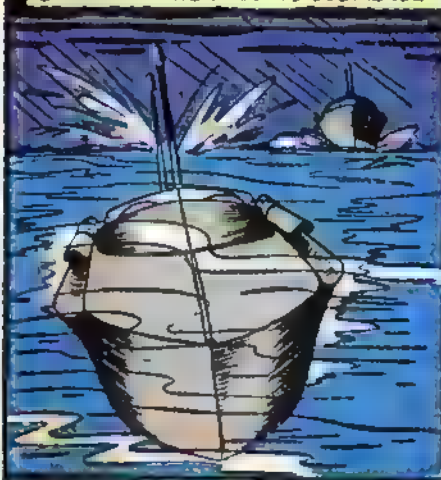


BUT ONCE AGAIN NAMOR STOPS THE
WOULD-BE CAPTORS WITH A DEATH-
DEALING TORPEDO!



HA!
YOU WOULD,
WOULD YOU ???

SKIDDING ABOUT, ONCE MORE HE
PLUNGES INTO THE ATLANTIC,
ORDERING HIS FLEET TO SUBMERGE---



WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER CHAPTER
WRITTEN IN OUR CAMPAIGN! A FEW
MORE UPRISINGS LIKE THIS, AND
THE NAZI STRANGLE-HOLD ON
FRANCE WILL BE SHATTERED
INTO A MILLION FRAGMENTS!!!



AND SO, WE LEAVE
THE SUB-MARINER
AGAIN---

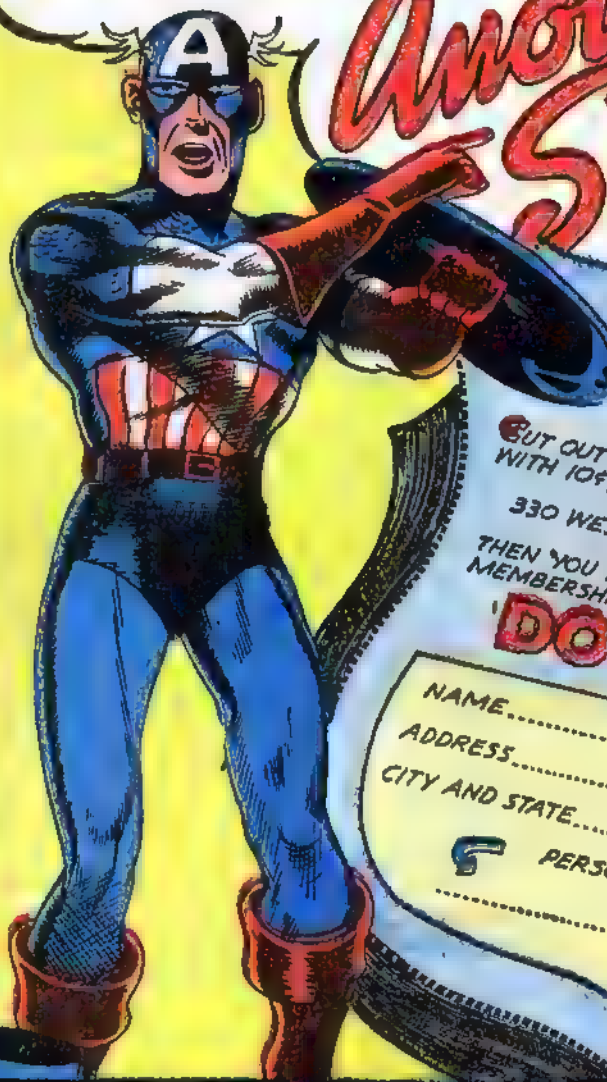
BUT WATCH FOR HIS
RETURN IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF

MARVEL COMICS!



DON'T DELAY

Another Second!!



BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF
HEADQUARTERS,
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



PERSONAL SIGNATURE.....

AMERICA ALWAYS!

The VISION

by
Byd Shores

OUT OF THE
WORLD OF SMOKE
HE COMES! WATCH
THE VISION BATTLE
THE "CRANK," ARCH
KILLER AND BUILD-
ING-WRECKER OF A
LARGE METROPOLIS!



OUR STORY
BEGINS AT A
MEETING OF
THE BOARD OF
DIRECTORS OF
"FINANCE CITY,"
THE LARGEST
AND WEALTHIEST
BUILDING DE-
VELOPMENT
IN THE CITY.
FEAR OF AN
UNKNOWN
TERROR IS IN
THE AIR!

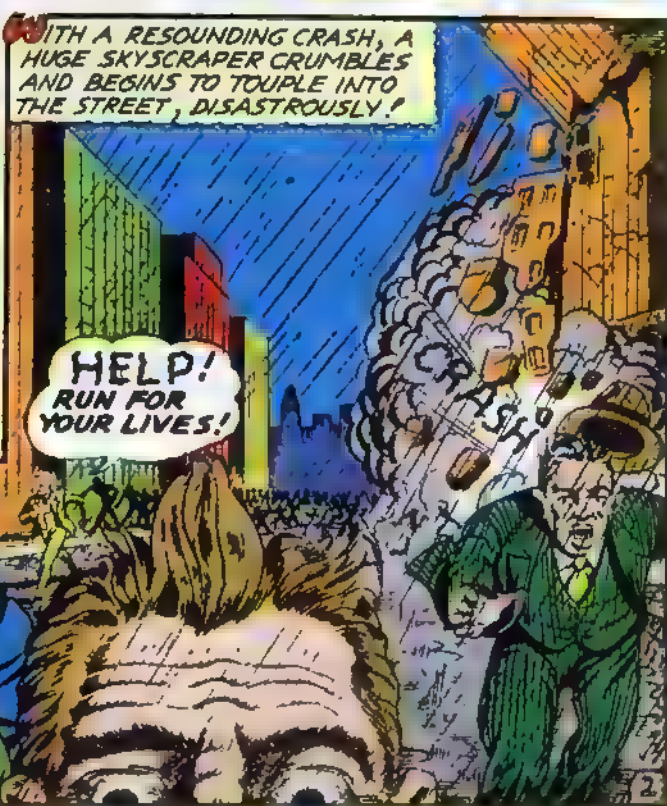
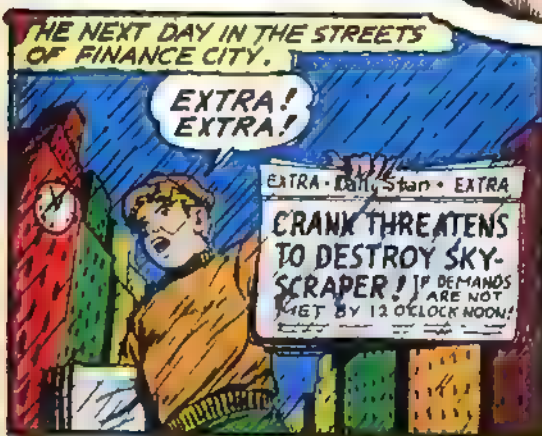
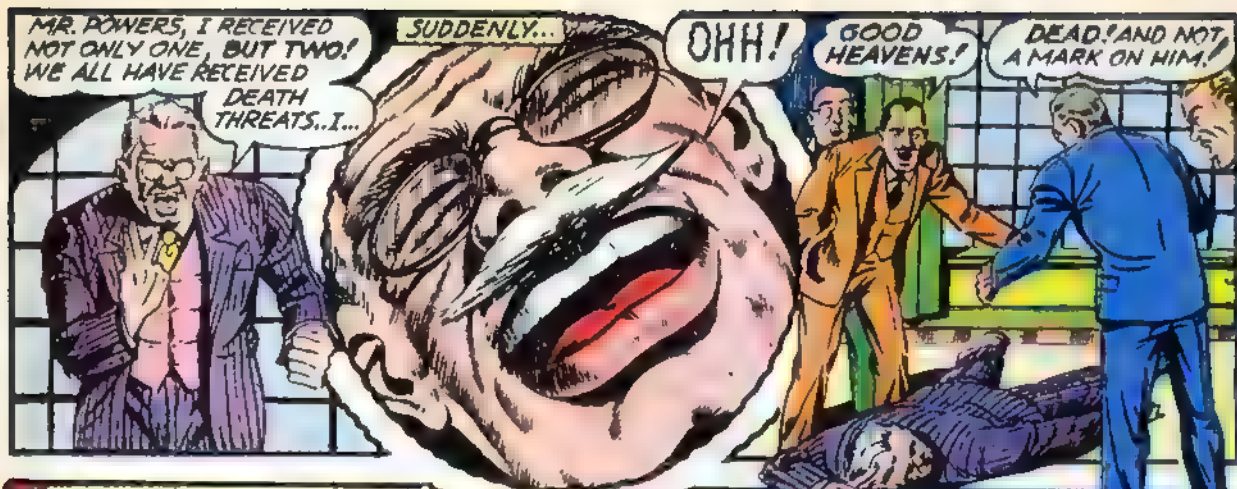
I'VE RECEIVED A LAST
WARNING FROM THE
FIEND CALLED
"THE CRANK"
THREATENS
TO WRECK...

... FINANCE CITY
UNLESS WE PAY HIM
HALF OF THE
RENTALS WE RECENE!
AGAIN MY ANSWER IS
NO!

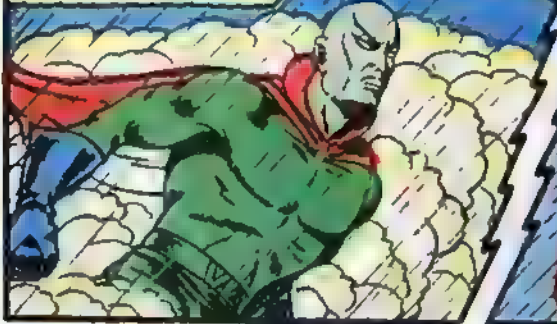
WHAT DO YOU THINK
WE SHOULD DO,
MR. POWERS?

I SAY PAY HIM!
YOU WOULDN'T BE SO
BRAVE IF YOU RECEIVED
A DEATH-THREAT LIKE I
DID!

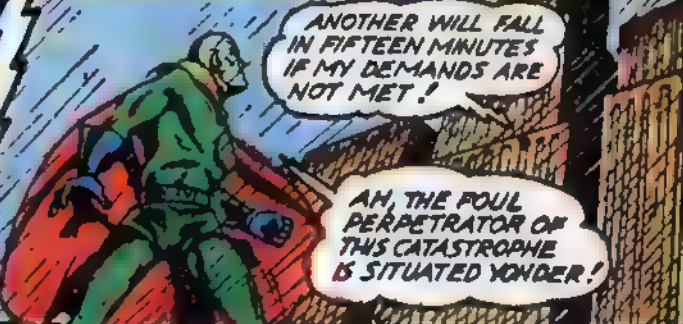




OUT OF THE SMOKING DEBRIS, THE MIGHTY VISION APPEARS!



SUDDENLY, A RADIO VOICE IS HEARD...

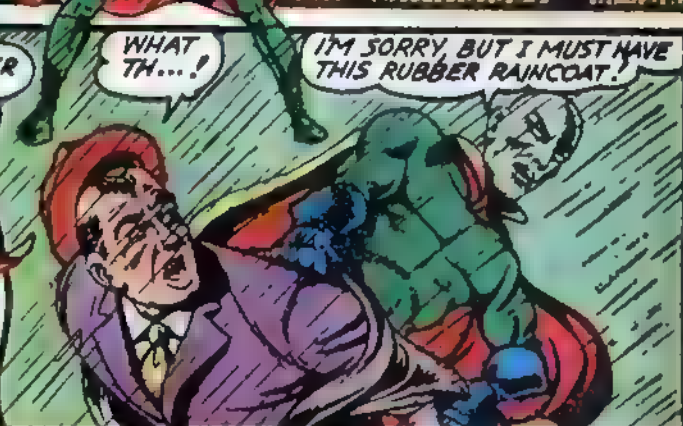


ANOTHER WILL FALL IN FIFTEEN MINUTES IF MY DEMANDS ARE NOT MET!

AH, THE FOUL PERPETRATOR OF THIS CATASTROPHE IS SITUATED YONDER!

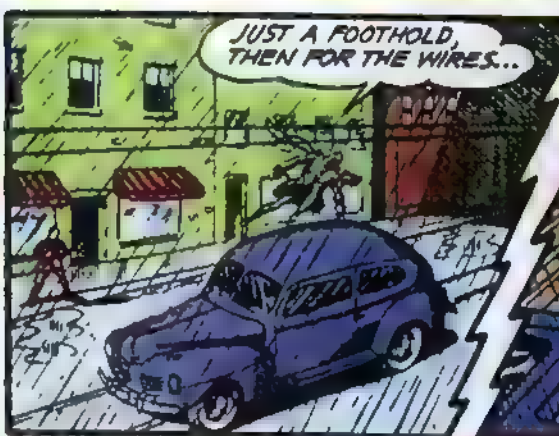


THAT LOUD SPEAKER IS ON THE 12TH FLOOR! NOW...



WHAT TH...!

I'M SORRY BUT I MUST HAVE THIS RUBBER RAINCOAT!



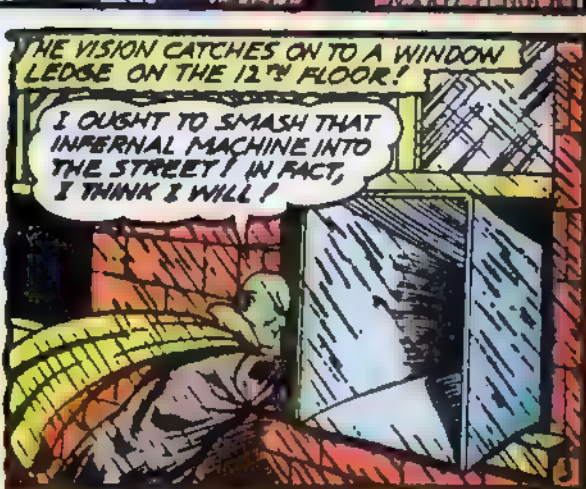
JUST A FOOTHOLD, THEN FOR THE WIRES...



THIS OUGHT TO GIVE ME THE PUSH I NEED!

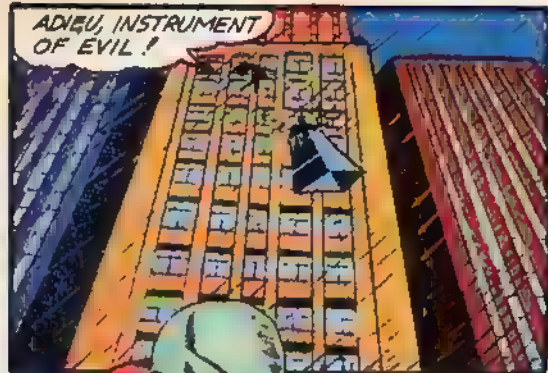


WITH THE RUBBER RAINCOAT AS INSULATION, THE VISION IS THROWN INTO THE AIR BY THE ELECTRICITY!

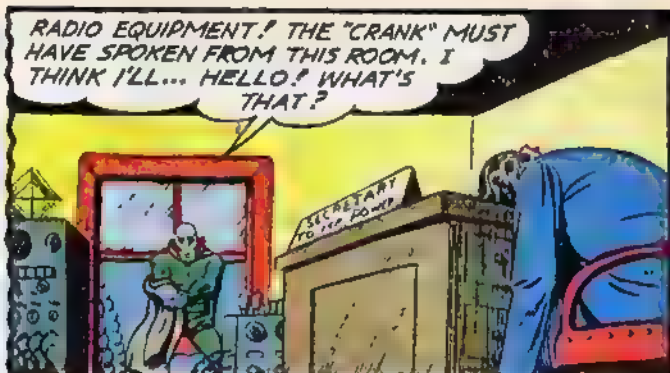


HE VISION CATCHES ON TO A WINDOW LEDGE ON THE 12TH FLOOR!

I OUGHT TO SMASH THAT INFERNAL MACHINE INTO THE STREET! IN FACT, I THINK I WILL!



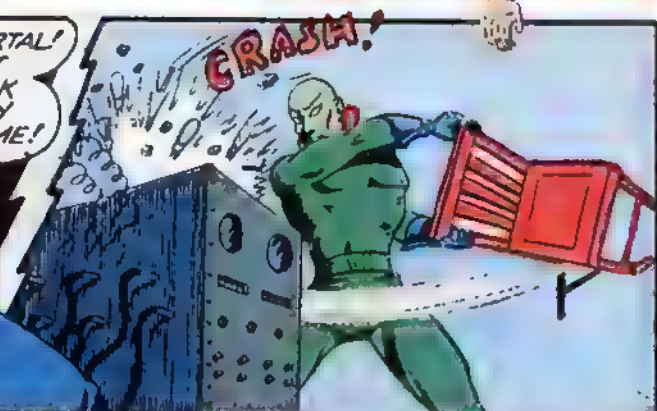
ADIEU, INSTRUMENT
OF EVIL!



RADIO EQUIPMENT! THE "CRANK" MUST
HAVE SPOKEN FROM THIS ROOM. I
THINK I'LL... HELLO! WHAT'S
THAT?



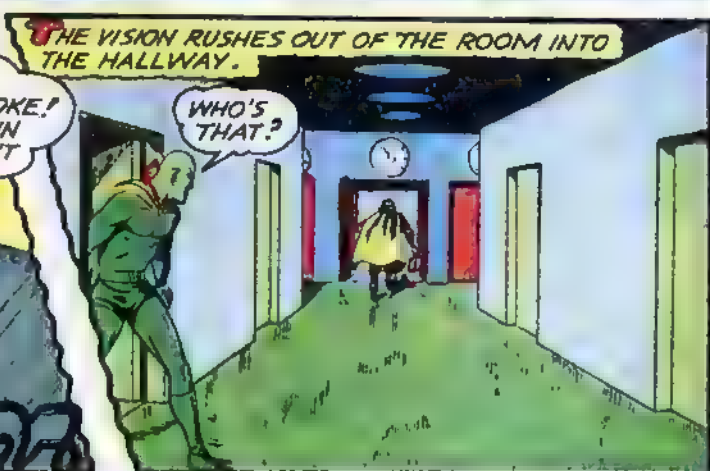
DEAD! POOR MORTAL!
JUST AN INNOCENT
VICTIM. I'LL KNOCK
THIS MACHINERY
TO KINGDOM COME!



CRASH!

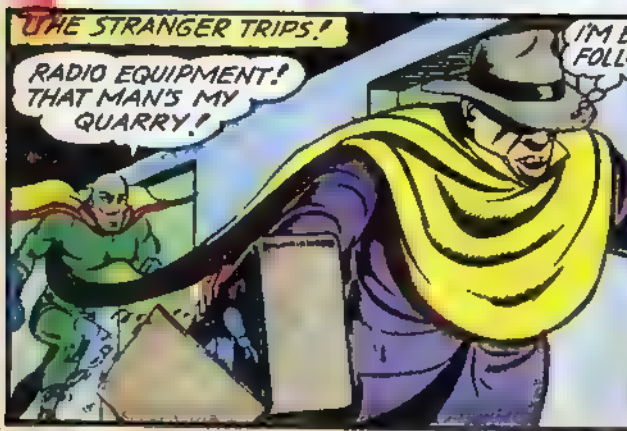


(SNIFF! SNIFF!)
CIGARETTE SMOKE!
WHOEVER WAS IN
THIS ROOM CAN'T
BE FAR.



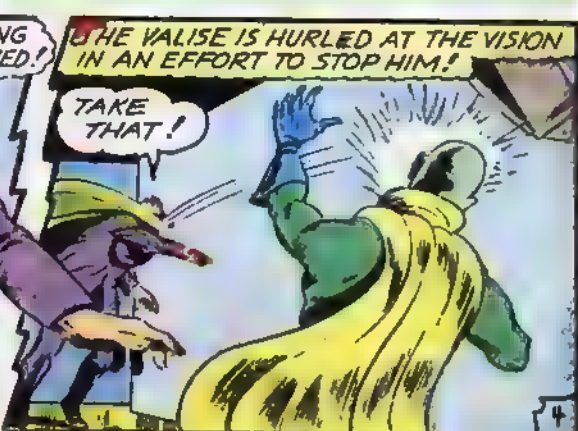
THE VISION RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM INTO
THE HALLWAY.

WHO'S
THAT?



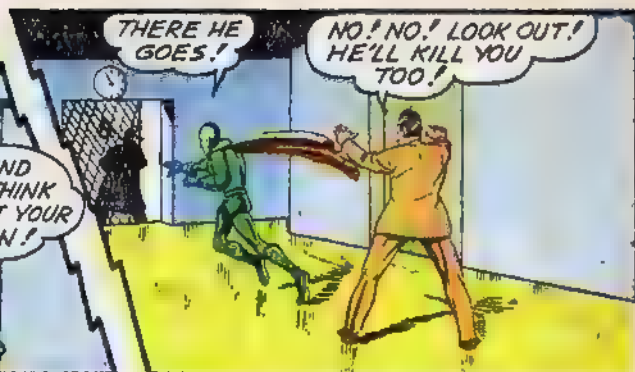
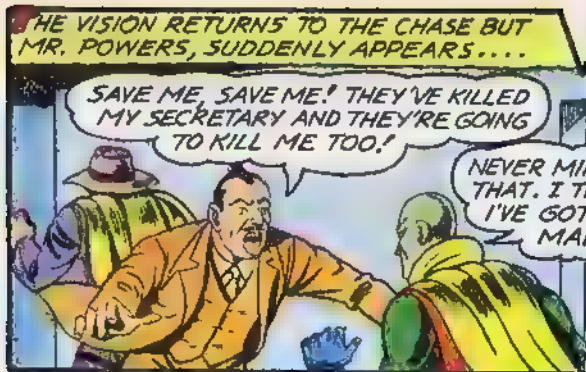
RADIO EQUIPMENT!
THAT MAN'S MY
QUARRY!

I'M BEING
FOLLOWED!

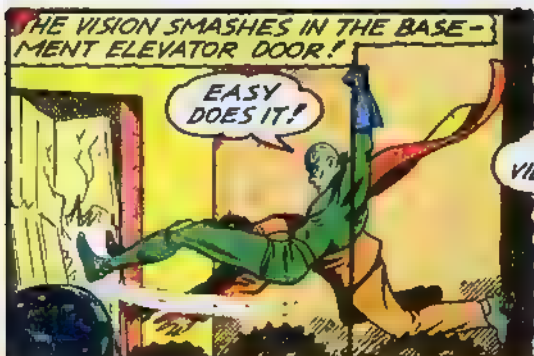
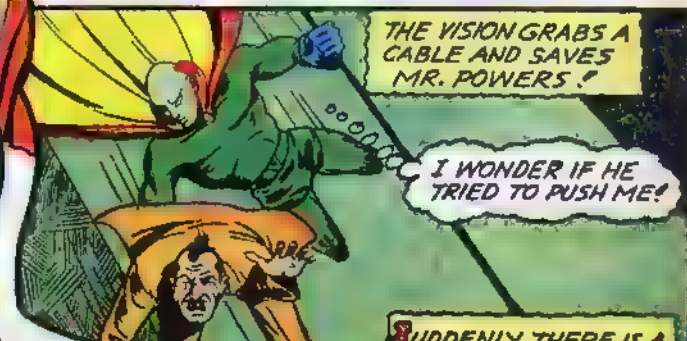
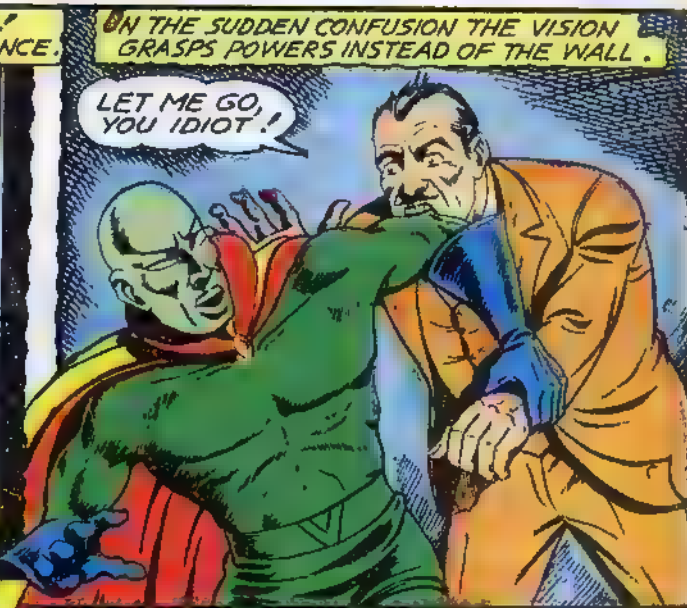
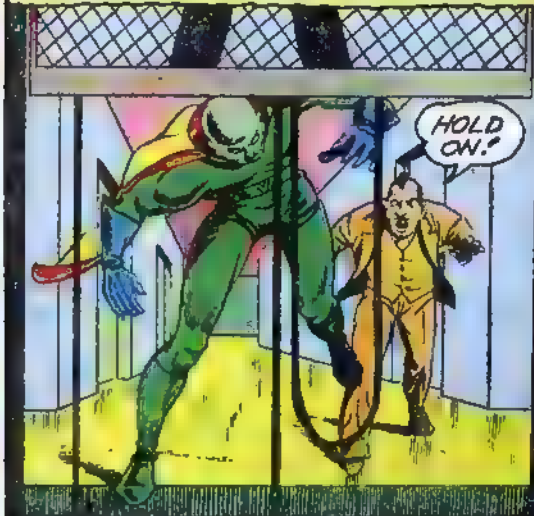


THE VALISE IS HURLED AT THE VISION
IN AN EFFORT TO STOP HIM!

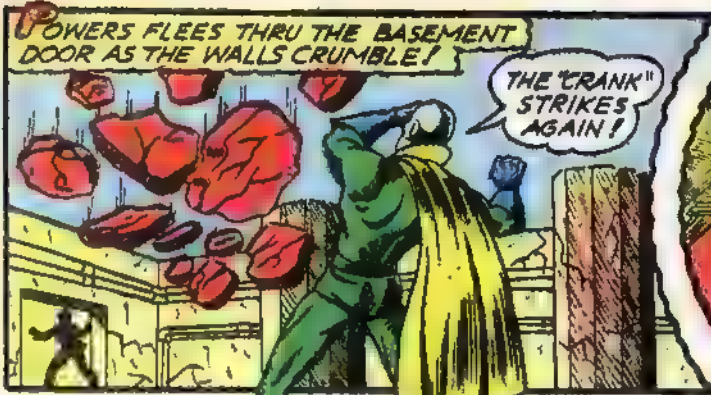
TAKE
THAT!



IT IS TOO LATE, THE CAGE SHOOT'S UP! THE VISION SKIDS AND LOSES HIS BALANCE.

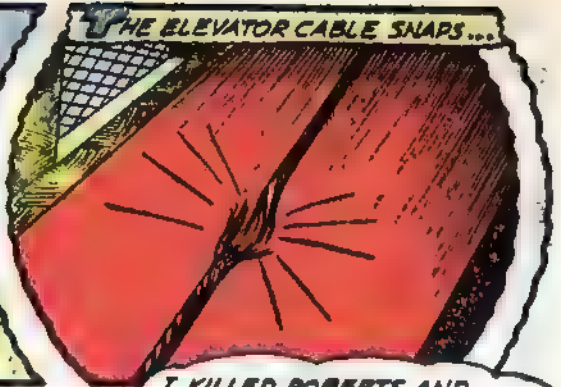


POWERS FLEES THRU THE BASEMENT DOOR AS THE WALLS CRUMBLE!

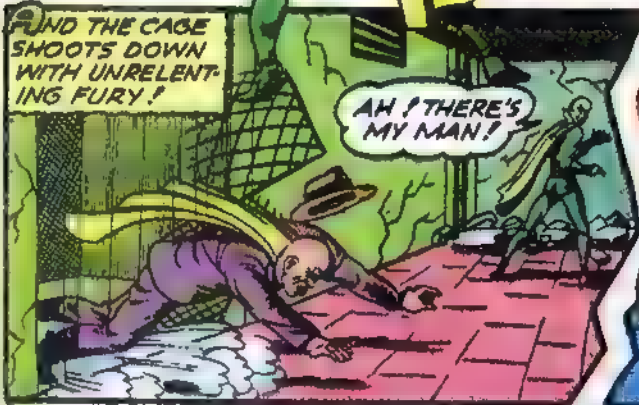


THE "CRANK" STRIKES AGAIN!

THE ELEVATOR CABLE SNAPS...



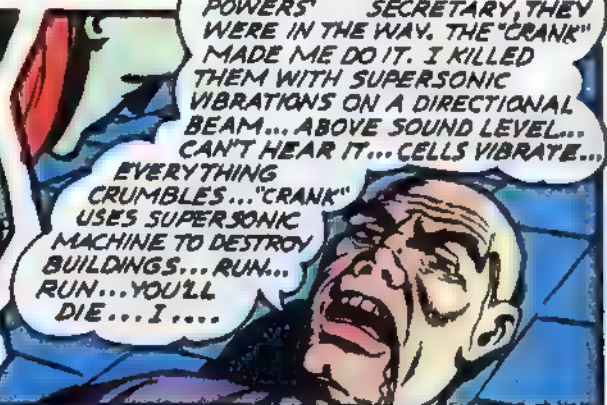
AND THE CAGE SHOOT'S DOWN WITH UNRELENTING FURY!



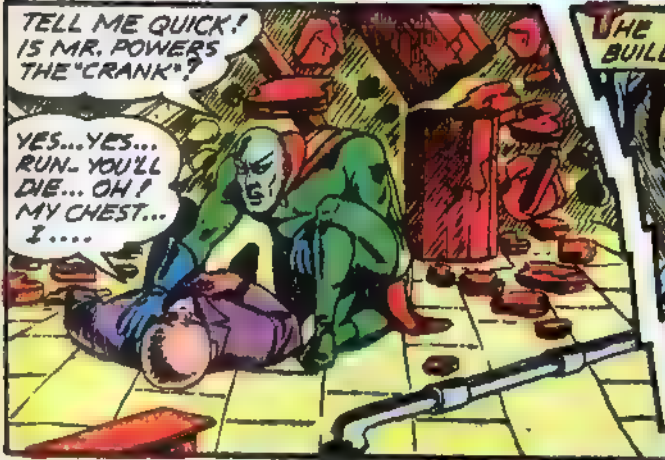
AH! THERE'S MY MAN!

I KILLED ROBERTS AND POWERS' SECRETARY, THEY WERE IN THE WAY. THE "CRANK" MADE ME DO IT. I KILLED THEM WITH SUPERSONIC VIBRATIONS ON A DIRECTIONAL BEAM... ABOVE SOUND LEVEL... CAN'T HEAR IT... CELLS VIBRATE...

EVERYTHING CRUMBLES... "CRANK" USES SUPERSONIC MACHINE TO DESTROY BUILDINGS... RUN... RUN... YOU'LL DIE... I....

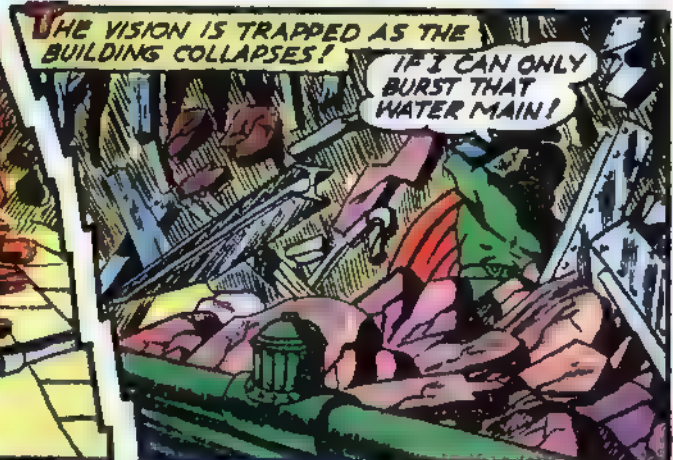


TELL ME QUICK! IS MR. POWERS THE "CRANK"?



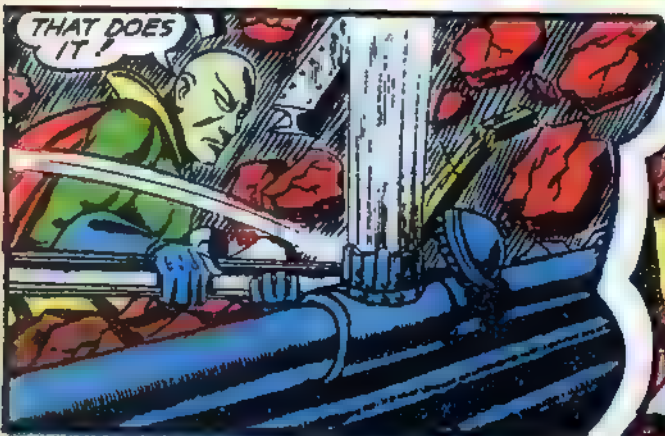
YES... YES... RUN... YOU'LL DIE... OH! MY CHEST... I....

THE VISION IS TRAPPED AS THE BUILDING COLLAPSES!

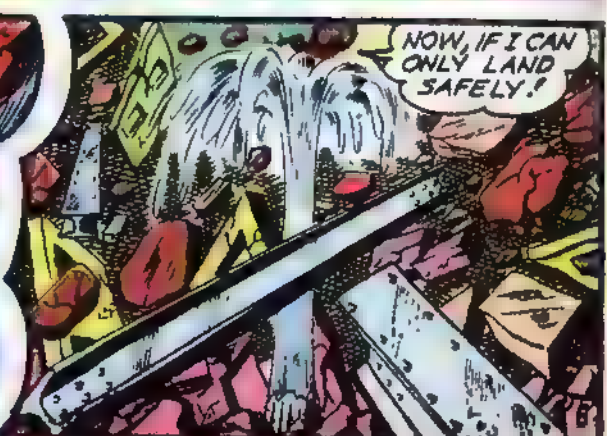


IF I CAN ONLY BURST THAT WATER MAIN!

THAT DOES IT!



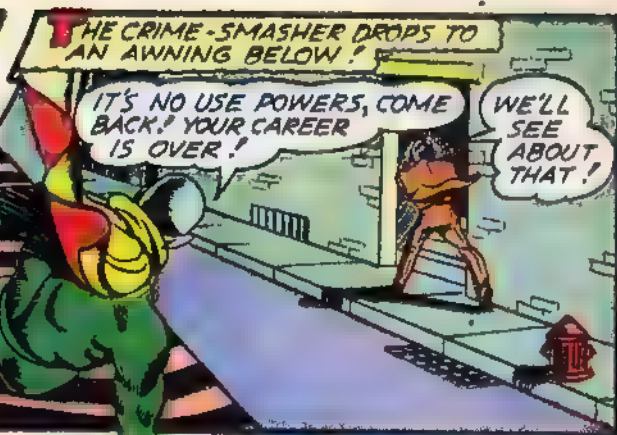
NOW, IF I CAN ONLY LAND SAFELY!





THE VISION, THROWN TO THE AIR, CATCHES ON TO THE FLAGPOLE, BREAKING HIS FALL...

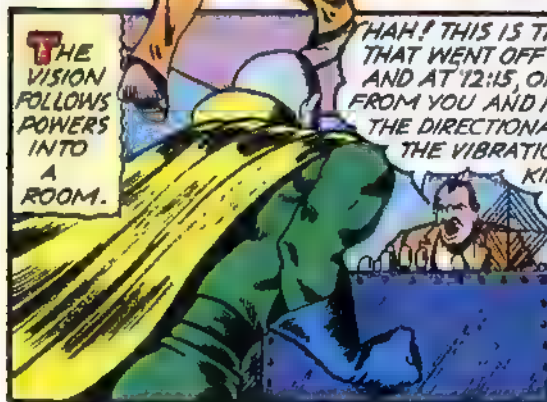
THERE'S POWERS!
A RAT SCURRYING
FOR SHELTER!



THE CRIME-SMASHER DROPS TO AN AWNING BELOW!

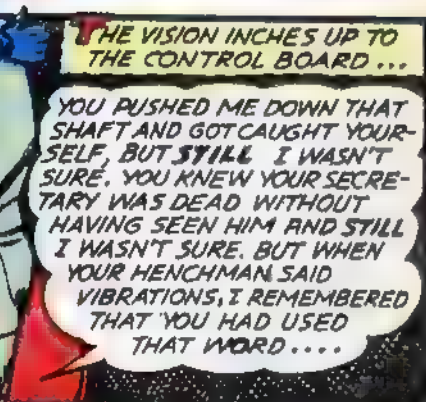
IT'S NO USE POWERS, COME
BACK! YOUR CAREER
IS OVER!

WE'LL
SEE
ABOUT
THAT!



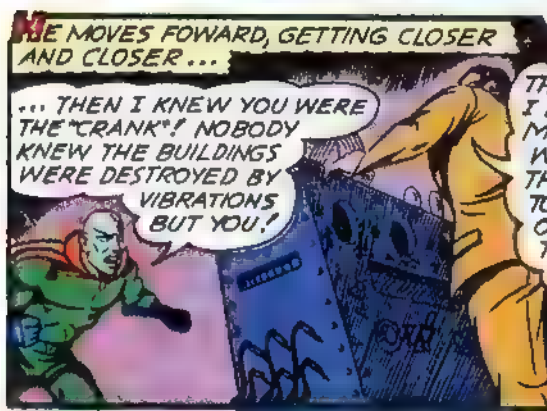
THE
VISION
FOLLOWS
POWERS
INTO
A
ROOM.

HAH! THIS IS THE MACHINE
THAT WENT OFF AT 12 NOON,
AND AT 12:15, ONE MOVE
FROM YOU AND I'LL SWITCH ON
THE DIRECTIONAL BEAM!
THE VIBRATIONS WILL
KILL YOU,
ALONE!



THE VISION INCHES UP TO
THE CONTROL BOARD...

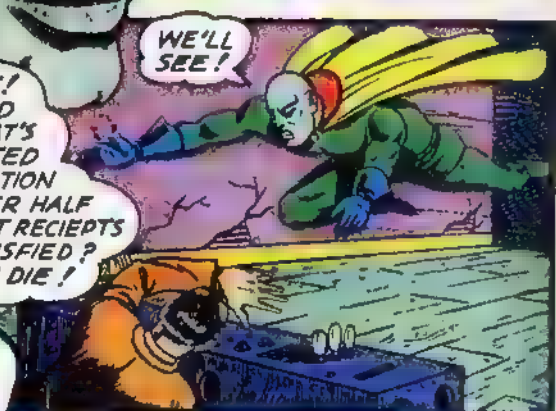
YOU PUSHED ME DOWN THAT
SHAFT AND GOT CAUGHT YOUR-
SELF, BUT STILL I WASN'T
SURE, YOU KNEW YOUR SECRE-
TARY WAS DEAD WITHOUT
HAVING SEEN HIM AND STILL
I WASN'T SURE. BUT WHEN
YOUR HENCHMAN SAID
VIBRATIONS, I REMEMBERED
THAT YOU HAD USED
THAT WORD....



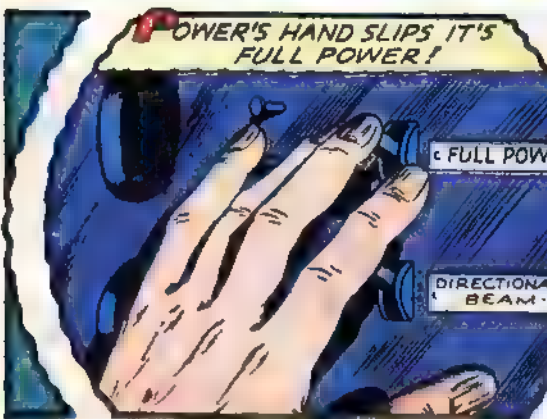
HE MOVES FOWARD, GETTING CLOSER
AND CLOSER...

... THEN I KNEW YOU WERE
THE "CRANK"! NOBODY
KNEW THE BUILDINGS
WERE DESTROYED BY
VIBRATIONS
BUT YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT!
I EMBEZZLED
MONEY! THAT'S
WHY I WANTED
THE CORPORATION
TO TURN OVER HALF
OF THE RENT RECIEPTS
TO ME. SATISFIED?
NOW YOU DIE!



WE'LL
SEE!



POWER'S HAND SLIPS IT'S
FULL POWER!

FULL POWER

DIRECTIONAL
BEAM



THE ENTIRE BUILDING CRASHES DOWN! POWERS
IS DESTROYED BY THIS OWN HAND!

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL
YE REAP!
FAREWELL!

LUMPS OF DEATH!

By Mickey Spillane

THE KID was walking along the train tracks picking up coal, shivered in the night air. He was poorly dressed, and his arms and legs were thinner than they should be. Sometimes he would stop and stretch, but it was too cold to stand still, so he went back to shoving the black lumps in a sack. When he heard the whistle of the 10:15, he stepped from the tracks into the lots to go home.

Jack Billings, the yard watchman was cooking coffee over an open fire when the kid came along. "Hi," he called out. The kid jumped, dropped the sack and turned to run. "Hey, what's the matter, kiddo?" The boy stopped. Somehow the voice sounded friendly enough and he came back a way. He looked the watchman over carefully; the good looking face and the well-knit frame. Evidently he was satisfied by what he saw, and walked over.

"You're new here, aren't you?" the boy asked.

"Yep. Just came on last night. Have some coffee?" The kid nodded. The smell of the cooking made him remember he hadn't eaten since breakfast. Jack brought out some sandwiches and handed him one.

"What's your name, kid?"

"George. What's yours?" Jack told him, and they settled down to eating and gabbing. George was curious as to why a watchman of the great coal yard should be out in the lots, and Jack explained that he was just an extra precaution against sabotage efforts.

THE FIRE Jack had built was beginning to burn down. "Wish I had some coal," he remarked. George gave a little laugh and ran over to where he had dropped the sack and dragged it over to the fire. He threw a few lumps on the blazing embers and sat down again. Jack got up and took his hand. "You're out late enough, young fellow. It's home to bed for you! Come on, I'll carry your bag out to the end of the fields." They stepped along through

the weeds and grass chatting merrily. Suddenly, from behind them came a deafening blast! Dirt and rocks flew through the air blinding them. Jack dropped the sack, and dashed back with George on his heels. The spot where the fire had been was a huge, gaping crater!

A MOMENT later they were surrounded by company cops and yard workers, all seeking an explanation. There was none to give. The blast was not in the yard, so no damage was done. Wilson, the yard manager came over to Jack. "You mean you saw nothing, or heard nothing?" Jack told him that was it. "Well, that's not what I call being a watchman. You're fired!" He picked up his dinner pail and walking away, but George caught his arm.

"Jack, I was thinking—remember that coal I threw on the fire? Well—" Jack's eyes grew wide with amazement.

"That's it! Somebody knows that there is a load of coal slated for the new U. S. battleships going out tonight, and is going to toss in some explosive chunks. They must've dropped a piece and you picked it up. It still isn't too late to do something. The load hasn't come down the chutes yet, and they must figure to plant the stuff as it does. They couldn't afford to throw it on top of a load for fear it might get tossed off. We have to do something—and quick, let's go!"

They went a roundabout way to the back fence, and Jack boosted the kid over, then went over himself. Together they inched along, freezing to the spot whenever a yard cop went by. The moon was up, lighting the runways and huge coal piles with its evil eye. There weren't many places to hide, so they darted quickly from shadow to shadow.

AT LAST they stood at the foot of an enormous hopper, crouching under the loading platform. Jack took stock of the place. He knew the set-up only from talking to one of the cops. It was quite evident that they couldn't

hide any explosive from down here since the chutes were enclosed on the sides. That meant they had to throw it in from the top, and they might be there now! He turned to George. "You wait here, if any suspicious persons come around take this dump rope and slap it against the side of the hopper. It'll sound like the wind's doing it."

Jack ducked out and scrambled up the outside of the bin on the narrow iron ladder, careful not to make any noise, he finally reached the top. He poked his head over the smooth rim and looked around. No one was there! Good, then they hadn't arrived, but were due any minute.

He tried the hatchway in the center of the top, and it came up. There was a ladder descending into the pitch-black interior, and he climbed down until he hit the runway. Groping along with his hands in front of him like a sleep walker was tough, but he dared not light a match. A dust explosion would blow the whole works to smithereens. He had placed the loading chute in his mind before he came down.

Luckily, Jack had a good sense of direction, for he fit the wooden slide without much trouble. He wrenched off a piece of sideboard planking and jammed it under the release catch. There would be no coal pouring down that chute for a while! Now, back to George.

JACK was about to go down when the gentle slapping of a rope came to him. The signal! Someone was prowling about below. Taking the chance on being seen he jumped to the ladder. Halfway down there was a wooden ledge running around the circular structure that connected the chute boxes. Ordinarily, it was used to help release coal jams in the chutes, but now it provided a refuge for the ex-watchman. He ran around the side to the number four chute, grabbed hold, and slid in.

It was thick with dust, and made breathing difficult. Slowly, so not to attract attention, he eased himself down the gigantic inclined plane. At the bottom he hopped out and ducked under the platform. George was waiting for him. "What's up, kid?"

"Three guys just went by, and the way they were talking they didn't belong here. One of them had a sack of something. Shhhh. There they are!" True enough, three huddled figures keeping to the shadows came into view. One had a burlap sack, and Jack knew well enough what it held! He had to get that bag!

Taking a desperate chance he slipped into the night. A few minutes later he was back holding a burlap bag. Silently, George and he filled the

bag with chunks of coal that had filtered through the platform. Jack crawled over to George and whispered to him. "I'm going to go after them, kiddo. If I can draw them away for a minute, switch bags, but don't let them see you. These men are dangerous. Now be careful." George nodded, shaking with excitement.

THE MEN were deciding on a plan of approach, Jack saw, and surely enough they were planning what he had anticipated. He waited until they were bunched together, then let loose with a driving tackle that piled them all up. He swung wildly, throwing punches right and left as fast as he could. Something caught him alongside the temple, and he crumpled. During the melee, nobody noticed the figure that slipped out and switched bags. The leader motioned to the ladder, shouldered the bag and went up.

The midnight shift came to the hopper on the coal cars that were to be loaded. The train pulled in under the chute and jerked to a stop. The foreman shouted orders until the chute was lowered, then pulled the release cord. Nothing happened. Jack did his work well. Just then somebody spied his prone figure in the dirt, and the foreman came over. "Well, that dirty dog. Because he was fired, he tried to jam up the load." The men were muttering under their breaths. They were all for lynching him.

A barelegged boy fought his way into the mob. "Let him alone." He shouted, "he tried to stop the guys that were going to blow up the battleships!"

"WHAT!"

Briefly he told the story, and when he pointed to the roof of the hopper and told the men that the criminals were up there; they howled with joy. They'd show them what happened to guys who stepped in on Uncle Sam!

Some went up the ladder, others, like monkeys, climbed the chute. The three men certainly didn't expect an attack, and before they knew it were being battered all over the place. Hard knuckles dug into them, and eager men took over when the others got tired. They were a sorry looking trio when they were hauled down.

THE NEXT morning Jack sat in the manager's office grinning widely. "Well, Mr. Billing, you have certainly done things up fine. There's always a place in our organization for you. Your friend, George, is getting a check of appreciation from us in the mail."

"Thank you, sir," Jack stood up and yawned. "Now back to work."

THE END

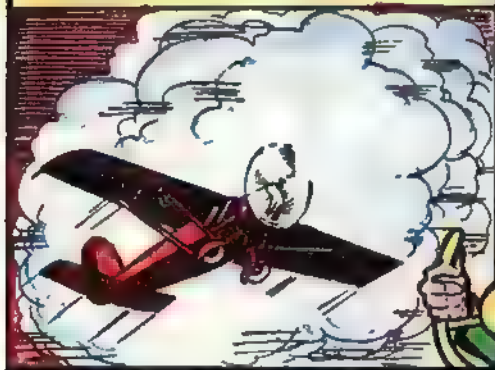
THE PATRIOT



in "THE MYSTERY OF
THE FLYING
CORPSES"

ONE OF THE STRANGEST CRIMES
IN THE ANNALS OF SCIENCE
CONTINUES TO BAFFLE THE POLICE
FORCE AND THE ARMY AND NAVY
--UNTIL THE **PATRIOT** CLEARS
UP THE MYSTERY BY PUTTING
AN END TO THE MAD DOCTOR WHO
IS TRYING TO STOP AMERICA'S
DEFENSE PROGRAM.

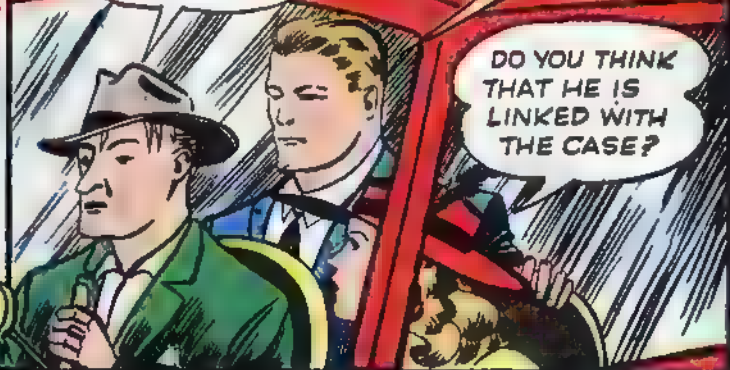
NEW-HOUND CASEY, ACCOMPANIED BY MARY AND JEFF MACE, IS FLYING TO THE STRASSER CLINIC IN AN EFFORT TO FIND AN ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE BLOATED BODIES.



THIS IS A VERY STRANGE CASE! ALL THE POLICE HAVE TO GO ON IS THAT THE VICTIMS ARE ALL CONNECTED WITH DEFENSE IN SOME WAY.

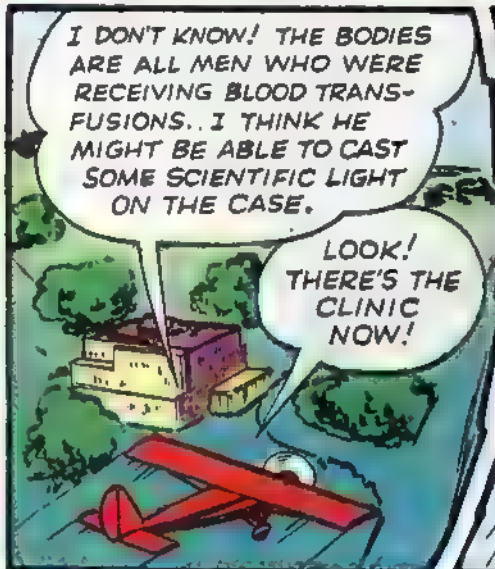
WHY ARE WE GOING TO DOCTOR STRASSER'S CLINIC?

DO YOU THINK THAT HE IS LINKED WITH THE CASE?



I DON'T KNOW! THE BODIES ARE ALL MEN WHO WERE RECEIVING BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS... I THINK HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CAST SOME SCIENTIFIC LIGHT ON THE CASE.

LOOK! THERE'S THE CLINIC NOW!



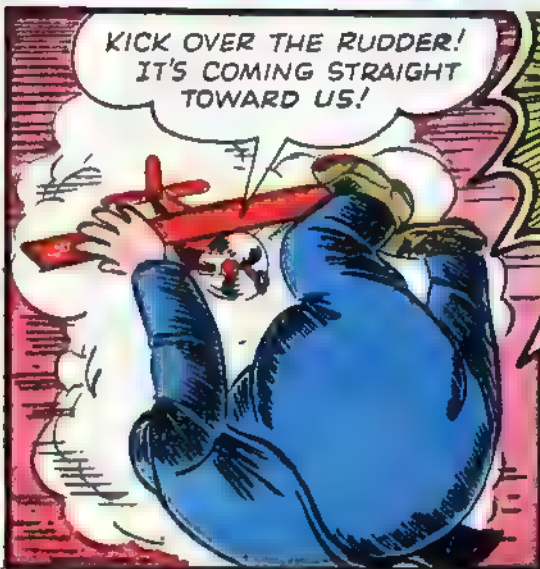
HOLY SMOKE!

--SEE THAT THING DRIFTING UP OVER THE BUILDINGS!

IT'S A FLYING CORPSE!

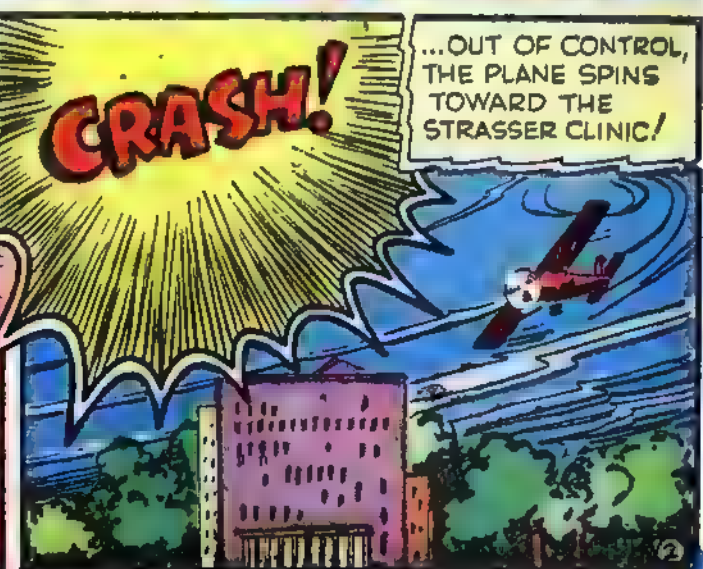


KICK OVER THE RUDDER! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT TOWARD US!

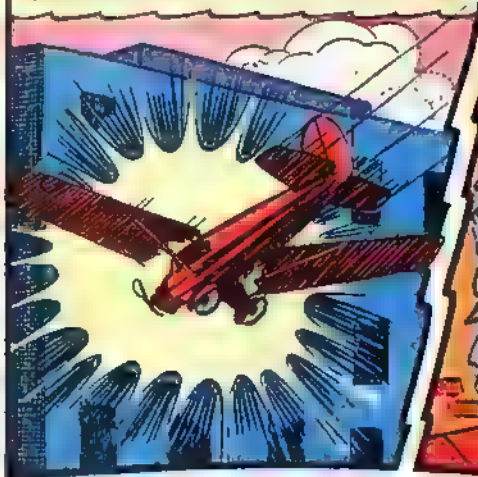


CRASH!

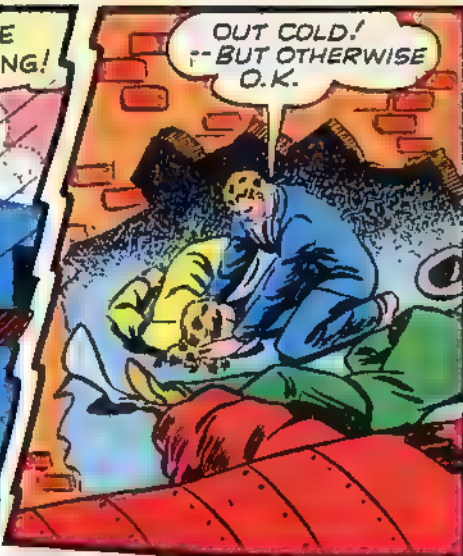
...OUT OF CONTROL, THE PLANE SPINS TOWARD THE STRASSER CLINIC!



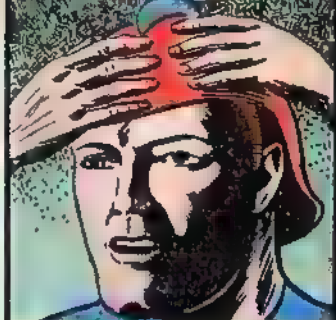
WITH A SICKENING THUD, THE SHIP CRASHES INTO THE BUILDING!



OUT COLD!
-- BUT OTHERWISE
O.K.

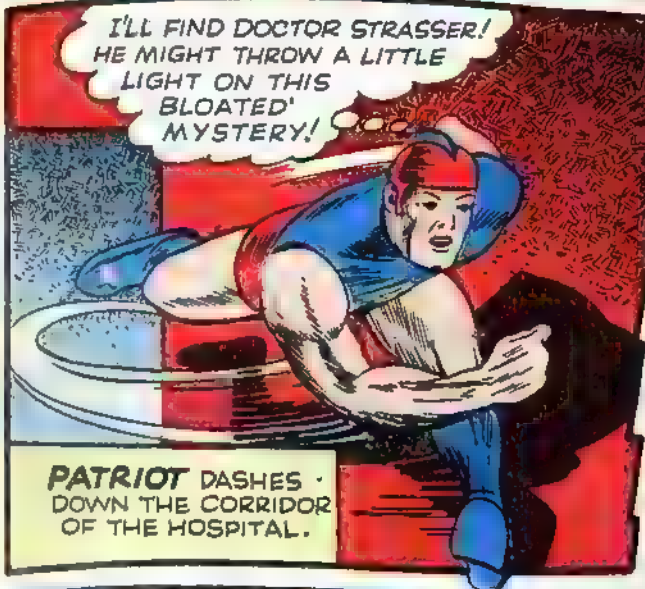


I THINK I SMELL A
RAT IN THIS HOUSE
OF MERCY... IT'S THE
PATRIOT'S TIME
TO ACT!



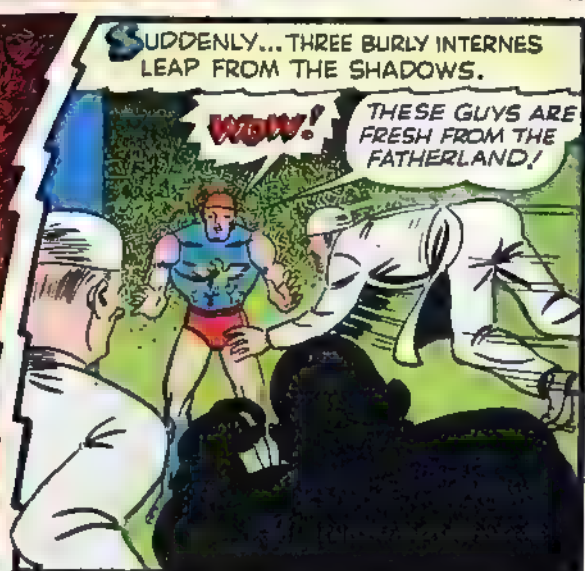
QUICKLY JEFF CHANGES INTO
THE **PATRIOT'S** COSTUME.

I'LL FIND DOCTOR STRASSER!
HE MIGHT THROW A LITTLE
LIGHT ON THIS
BLOATED
MYSTERY!



PATRIOT DASHES
DOWN THE CORRIDOR
OF THE HOSPITAL.

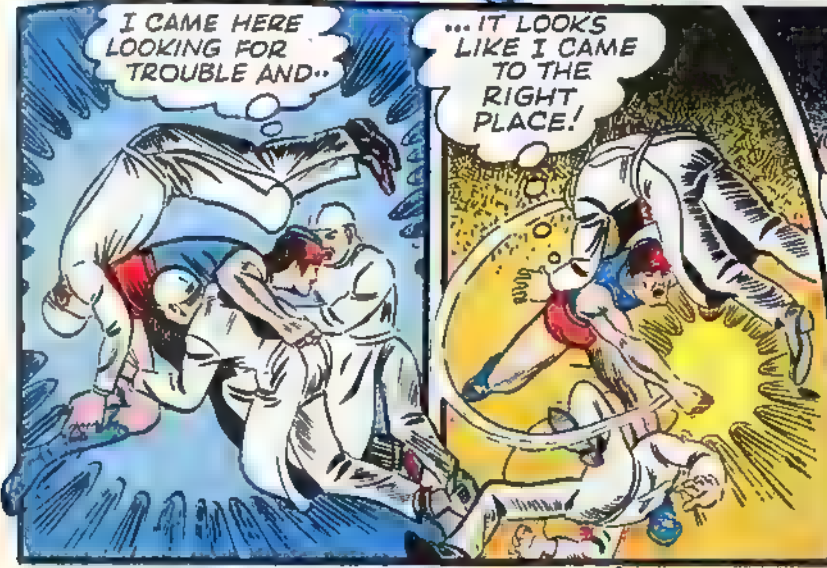
SUDDENLY... THREE BURLY INTERNES
LEAP FROM THE SHADOWS.



WOW!
THESE GUYS ARE
FRESH FROM THE
FATHERLAND!

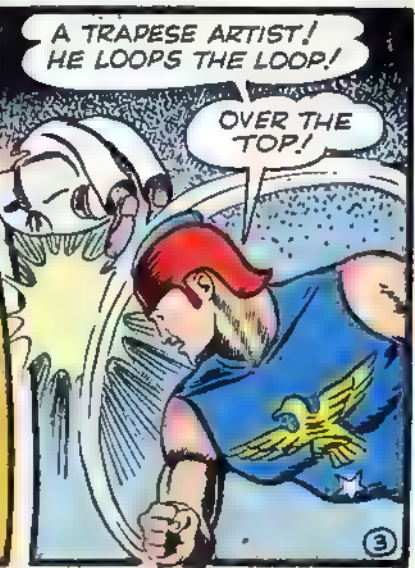
I CAME HERE
LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE AND..

...IT LOOKS
LIKE I CAME
TO THE
RIGHT
PLACE!

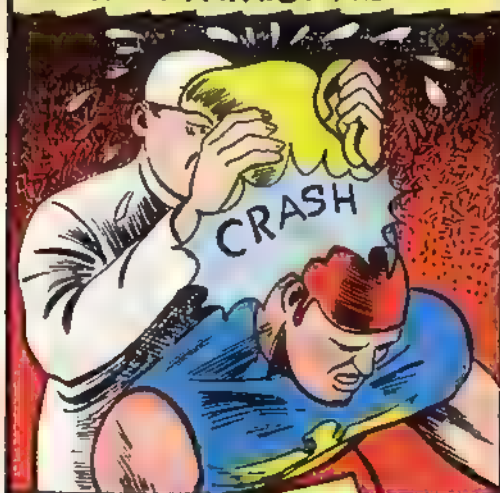


A TRAPESE ARTIST!
HE LOOPS THE LOOP!

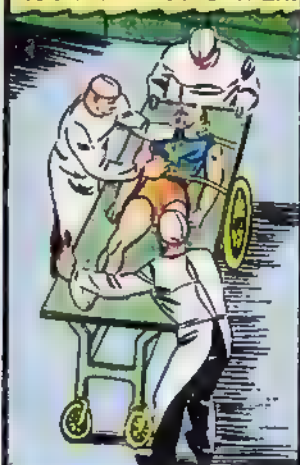
OVER THE
TOP!



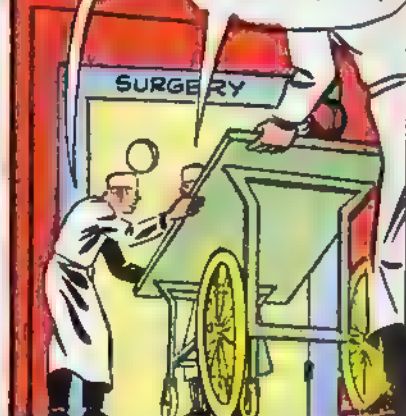
---SUDDENLY A SINISTER FIGURE SNEAKS UP BEHIND PATRIOT AND---



UNCONSCIOUS, THE PATRIOT IS STRAPPED TO A MOBILE STRETCHER.



INTO DER OPERATING ROOM WIT DIS AMERICAN CHUMP! HE'LL GET A LIFT FROM DER DOCTOR!



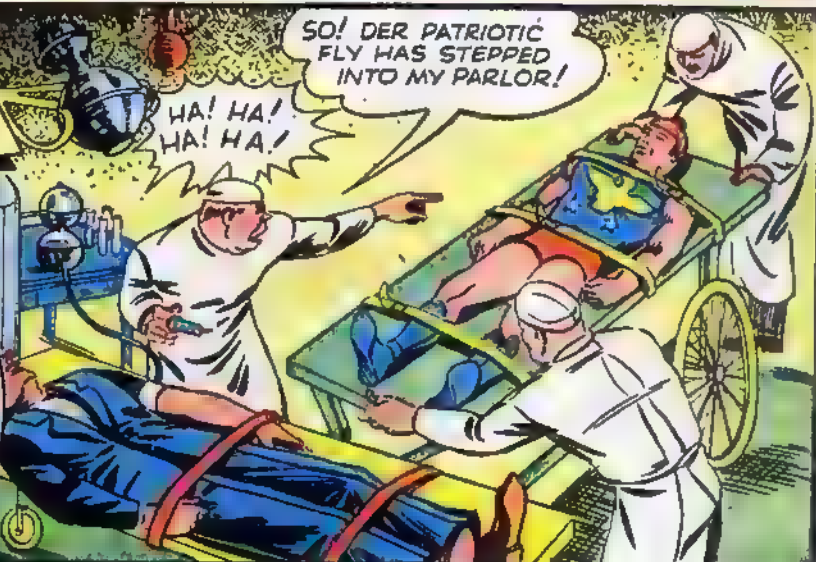
THE PATRIOT REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO STARE UPON A SCENE OF HORROR! ON AN OPERATING TABLE IS THE PRONE FIGURE OF AMERICA'S CHIEF DEFENSE COMMISSIONER, NEEDHAM!



DR. STRASSER IS A NAZI MADMAN!

SO! DER PATRIOTIC FLY HAS STEPPED INTO MY PARLOR!

HA! HA! HA! HA!



YOU'LL HAVE TO DO A LOT OF TALKING TO EXPLAIN YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS SITUATION, GENIUS!

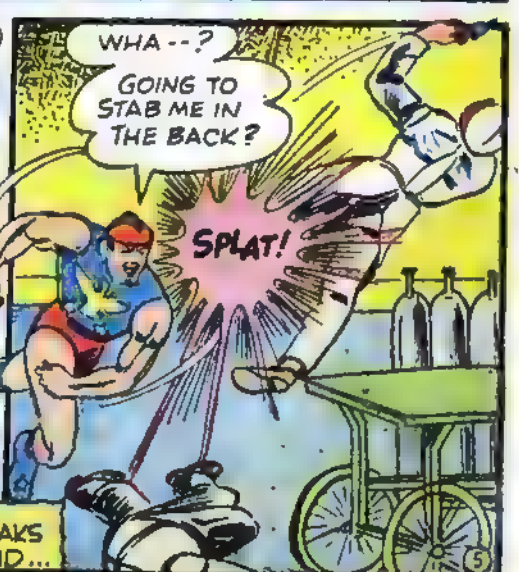
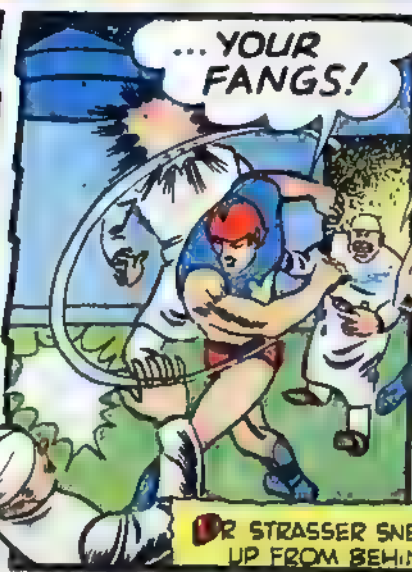
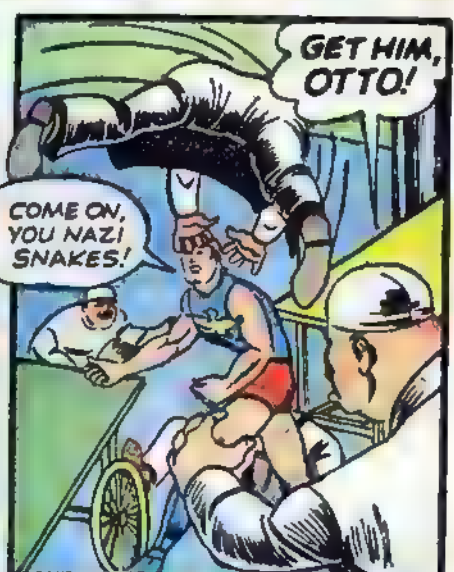
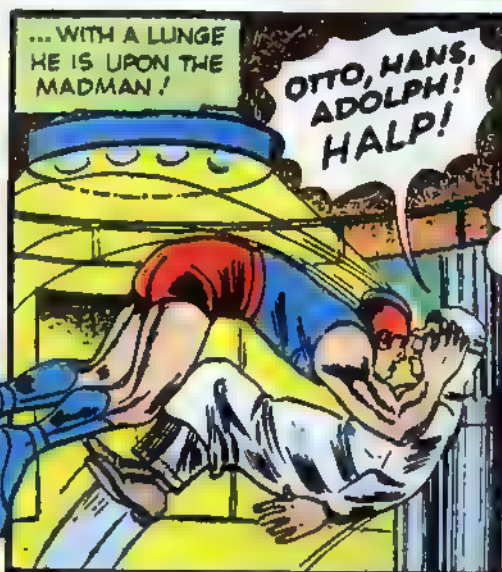
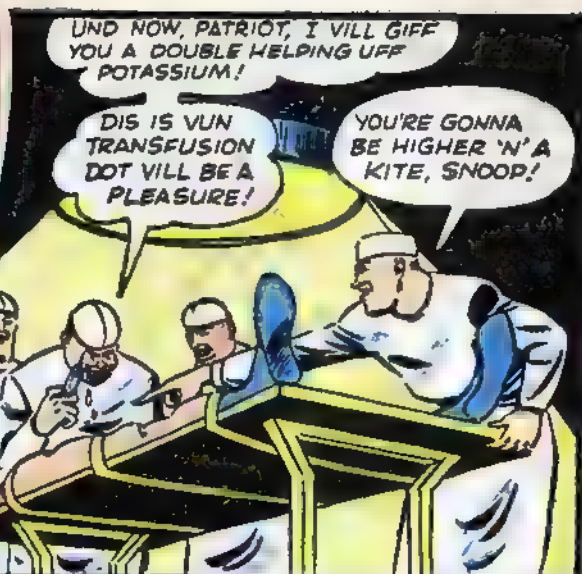
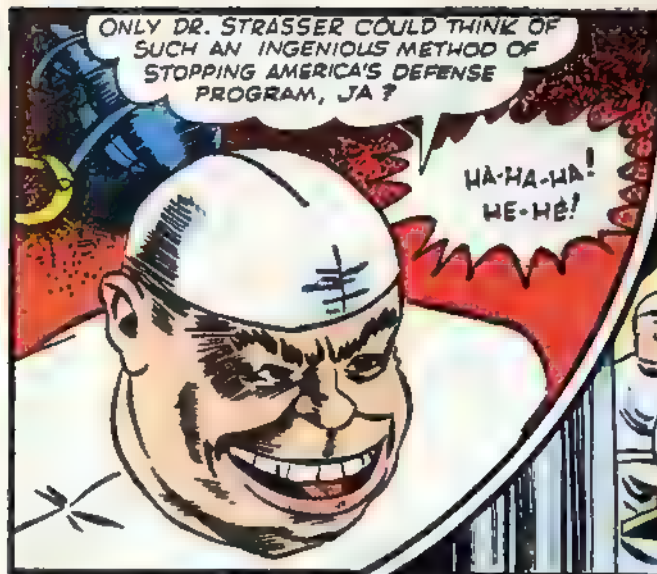
I HAFF SUBSTITUTED POWDERED POTASSIUM FOR DER DRY BLOOD--VE GIFF DER TRANSFUSION --POTASSIUM UND BLOOD FORM HYDROGEN.

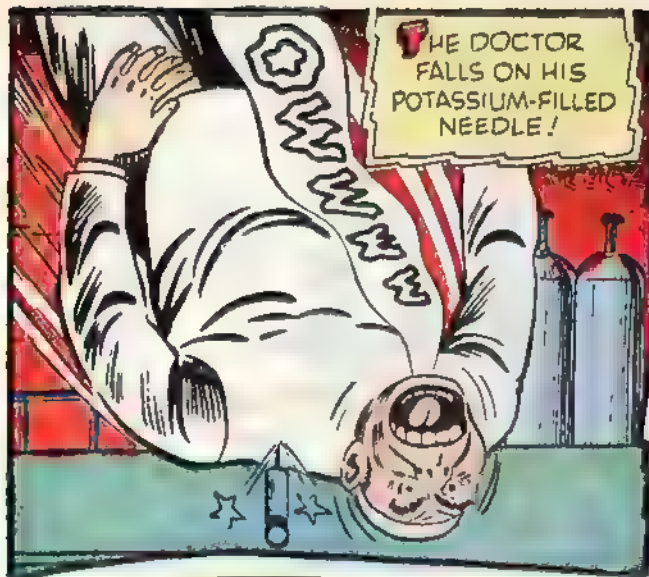
VATCH! I RUN IN DER POTASSIUM!--



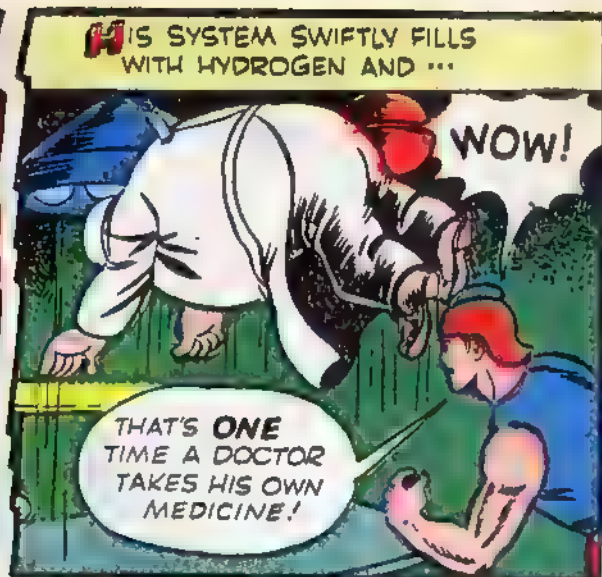
--HYDROGEN FILLS DER ENEMIES OF DER FATTERLAND LIKE A BIG BALLOON --- WH-F-F-F --- YOU FLOAT!







THE DOCTOR FALLS ON HIS POTASSIUM-FILLED NEEDLE!



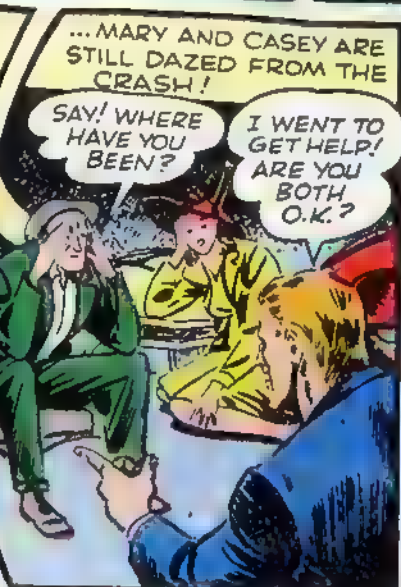
HIS SYSTEM SWIFTLY FILLS WITH HYDROGEN AND ...

WOW!

THAT'S ONE TIME A DOCTOR TAKES HIS OWN MEDICINE!



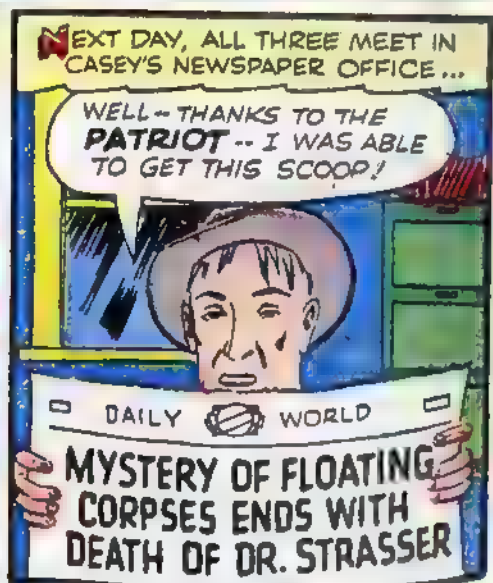
QUICKLY PATRIOT CHANGES HIS CLOTHES AND, BECOMING JEFF AGAIN, DASHES TO MARY AND CASEY...



...MARY AND CASEY ARE STILL DAZED FROM THE CRASH!

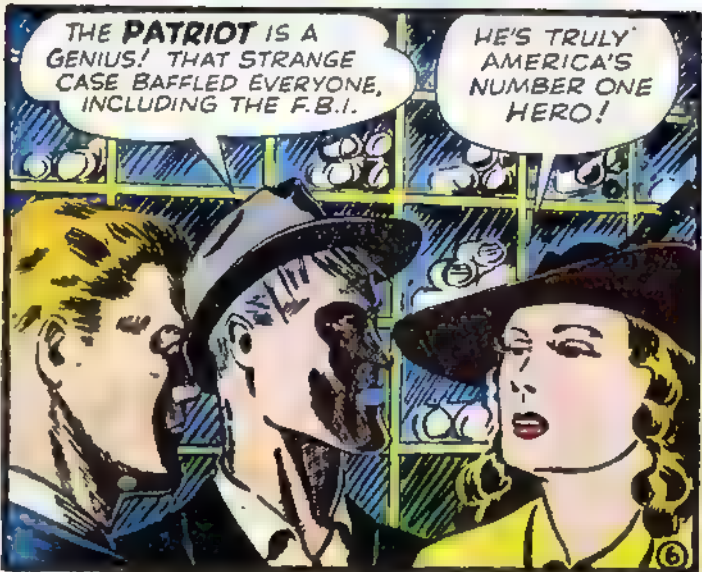
SAY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I WENT TO GET HELP! ARE YOU BOTH O.K.?



NEXT DAY, ALL THREE MEET IN CASEY'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE ...

WELL--THANKS TO THE PATRIOT--I WAS ABLE TO GET THIS SCOOP!



THE PATRIOT IS A GENIUS! THAT STRANGE CASE BAFFLED EVERYONE, INCLUDING THE F.B.I.

HE'S TRULY AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE HERO!



AW--THAT GUY'S JUST A LUCKY STIFF. HE JUST HAPPENS TO GET THE BREAKS!

HE'S ONE LUCKY STIFF I'D LIKE TO MEET!

THE PATRIOT WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT **MARVEL** COMICS!

Terry Vance

The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH



THE MYSTERY OF THE
Pharaoh's EYE!

NOW IT BELONGS
TO ME ALONE!

O, SIRE, WHY DID
YOU KILL YOUR
BROTHERS?

IN ANCIENT EGYPT,
MEN FOUGHT AND KILLED
SO THAT THEY MIGHT
POSSESS THE WONDEROUS
RUBY KNOWN AS THE
PHARAOH'S EYE! AND EVEN
TODAY, AS THE FABULOUS
GEM REACHES OUR SHORES,
THERE ARE RUMORS
THAT...

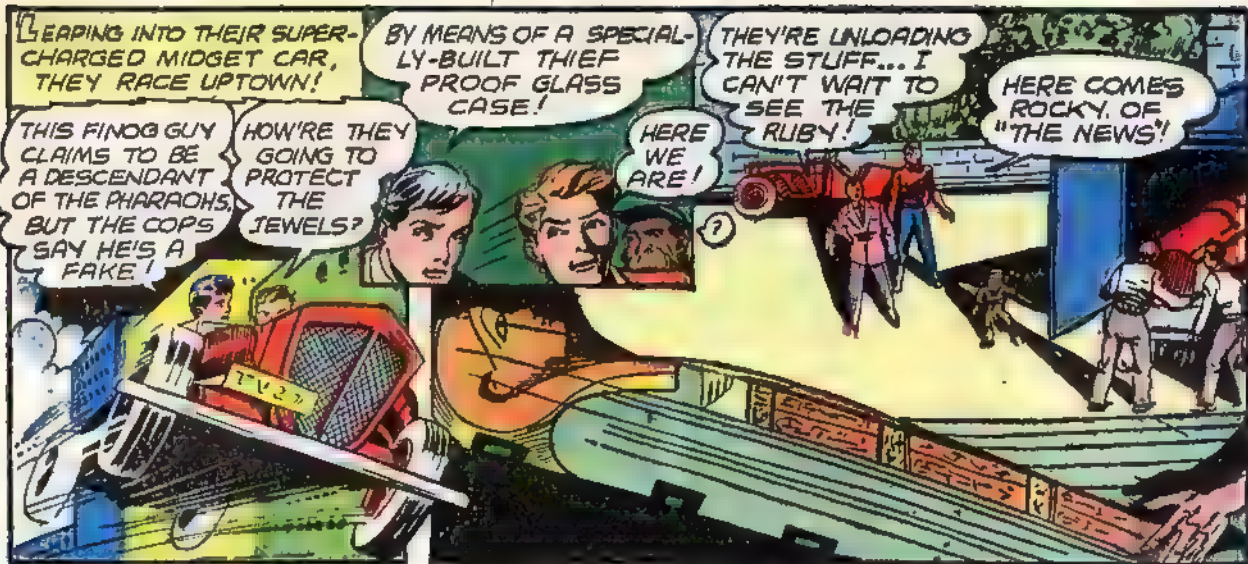
SORRY, TERRY...NO ONE
ALLOWED ON THE
DOCK!

THE DEPARTMENT'S
TAKING NO
CHANCES ON
FINOG, EH?

THEN I
GUESS WE'D
BETTER HURRY
OVER TO THE
MUSEUM!

...THE SINISTER CLAWS OF
FINOG, NOTORIOUS EGYPTIAN
JEWEL THIEF, WILL FIND AND
SEIZE THE TREASURE OF THE
PHARAOH! SENSING A STORY,
TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR.
WATSON RUSH TO THE PIER
WHERE THE RUBY, ALONG
WITH OTHER PRICELESS AN-
TIQUES ARE BEING UNLOADED...





LEAPING INTO THEIR SUPER-CHARGED MIDGET CAR, THEY RACE UPTOWN!

BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL-
LY-BUILT THIEF
PROOF GLASS
CASE!

THEY'RE UNLOADING
THE STUFF... I
CAN'T WAIT TO
SEE THE
RUBY!

HERE COMES
ROCKY OF
"THE NEWS!"

THIS FINOG GUY
CLAIMS TO BE
A DESCENDANT
OF THE PHAROHS,
BUT THE COPS
SAY HE'S A
FAKE!

HOW'RE THEY
GOING TO
PROTECT
THE
JEWELS?

HERE
WE ARE!



THE GLASS CASE HASN'T
ARRIVED YET, SO THEY
WON'T LET YOU EVEN
GLIMPSE THE STONE!

THANKS A LOT...
WE'RE GOING
IN ANYWAY...

CHK! WHAT DOES HE
EXPECT TO FIND
IN THERE... A
SAW AND
FILE?

HE'S O.K.,
LET HIM
THRU...

SPOOKY
PLACE!

YES... THESE
MUMMIES SEEM
TO BE SMILING
AT YOU!

EEEK!

THE TRIO ARE SEARCHED
BEFORE THEY ARE ALLOWED
TO EXAMINE THE NEW
EGYPTIAN COLLECTION!



AFTER AN HOUR, THE ROOM IS CLEARED OF VISITORS...

THESE RELICS ARE
PRICELESS!

NOT A CHANCE
OF THAT!

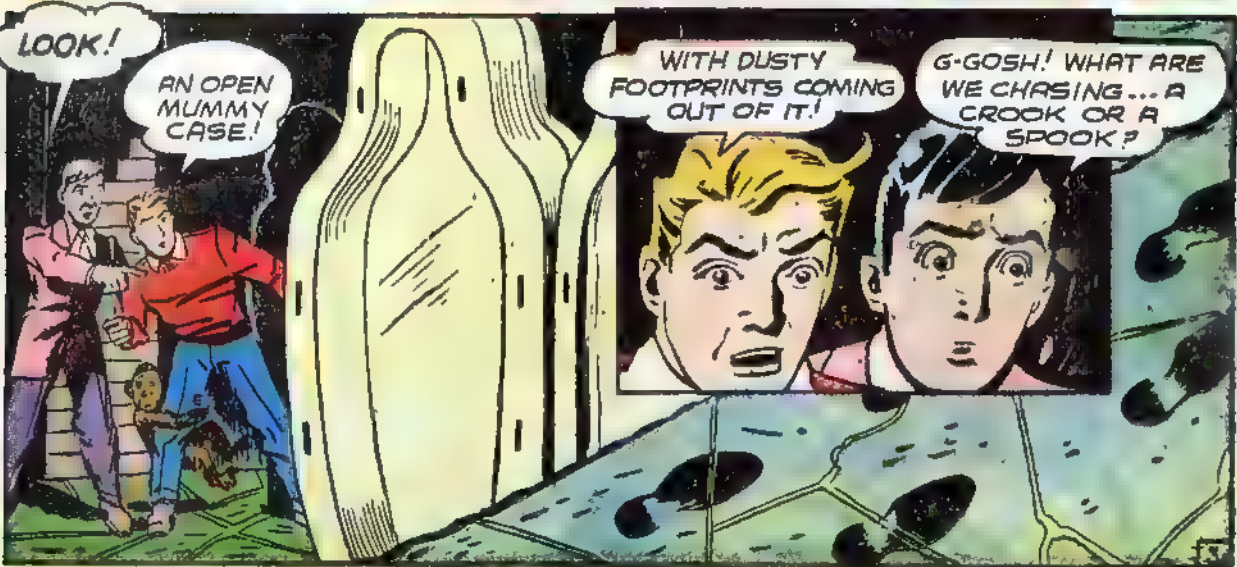
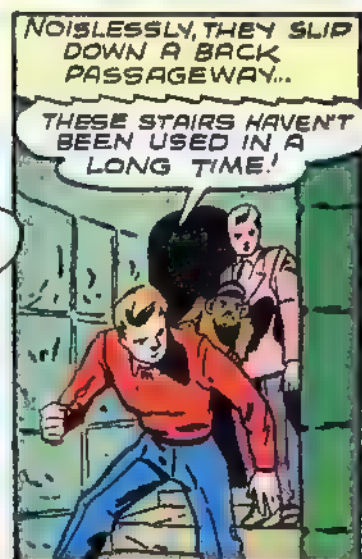
I'LL BET FINOG WOULD
GIVE HIS RIGHT
ARM TO GET
IN HERE!

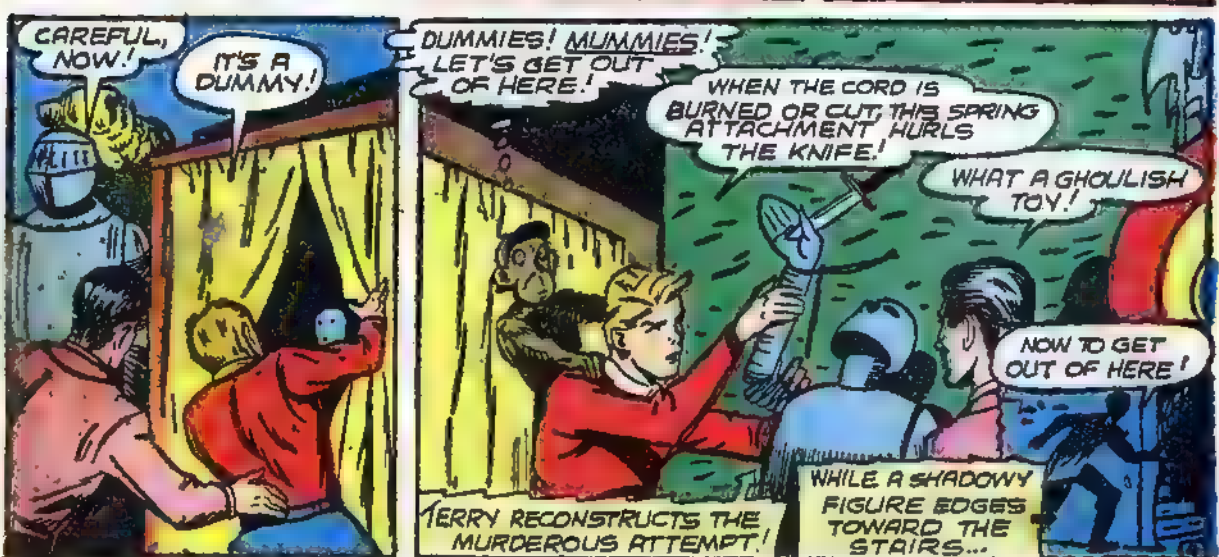
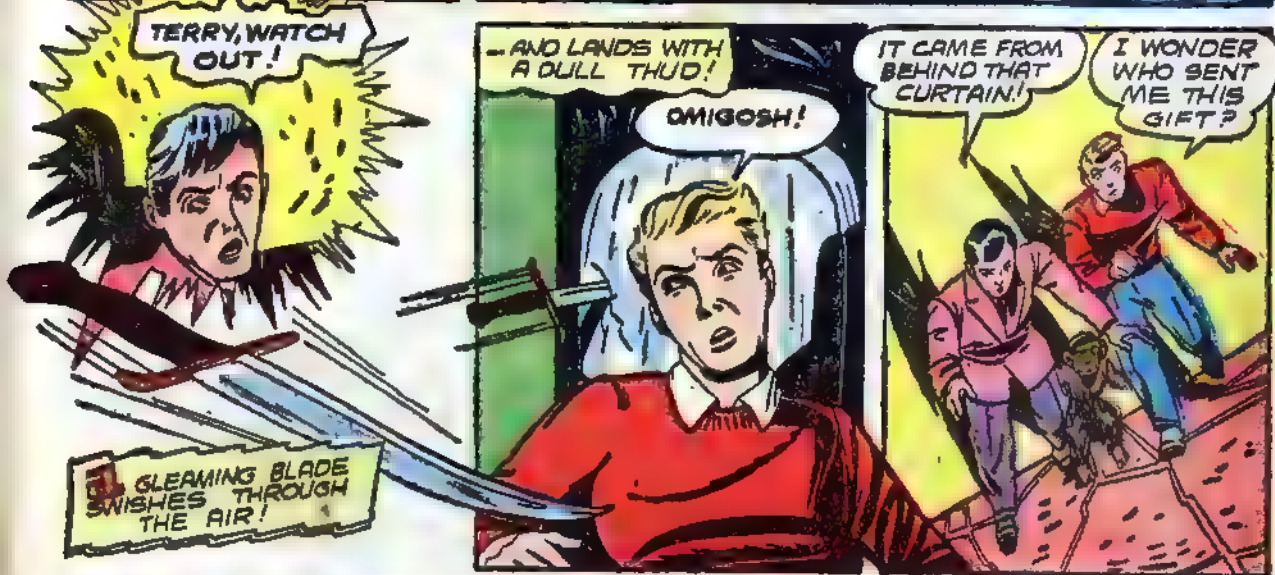
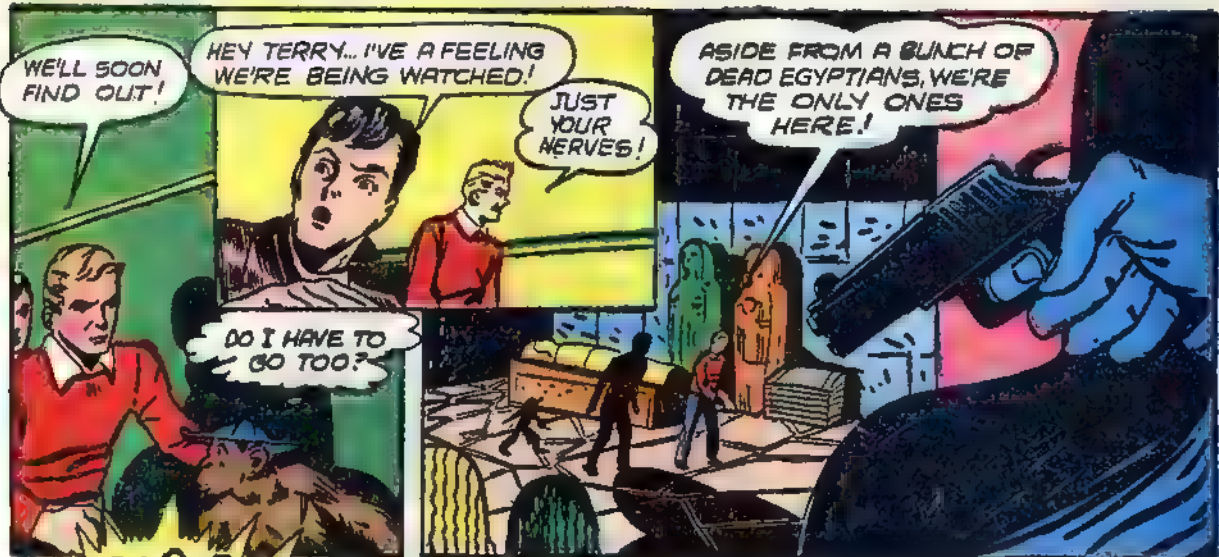
AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE...

DON'T QUOTE ME, BUT
I'VE A HUNCH THAT
FINOG IS IN THIS
ROOM RIGHT
NOW!

WHAT?

WHY DO THEY WANT
TO KEEP THIS
OLD JUNK?





BUT, TERRY HEARS THE
SCRAPE OF FEET ON
STONE STAIRS!

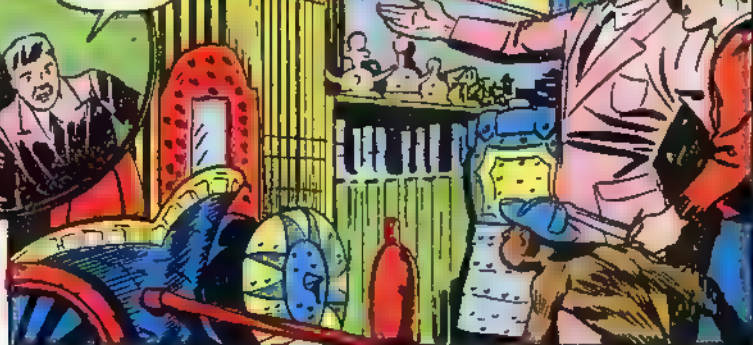
THERE'S SOMEONE
ON THE STAIRS!

LET'S GO
GET HIM!

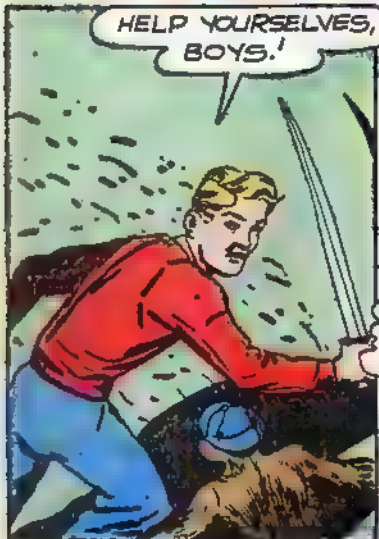
HE MAY BE
ARMED!

WE CAN
FIX
THAT!

HERE'S THE WHOLE ARSENAL
OF RAMESES THE
SECOND!



HELP YOURSELVES,
BOYS!

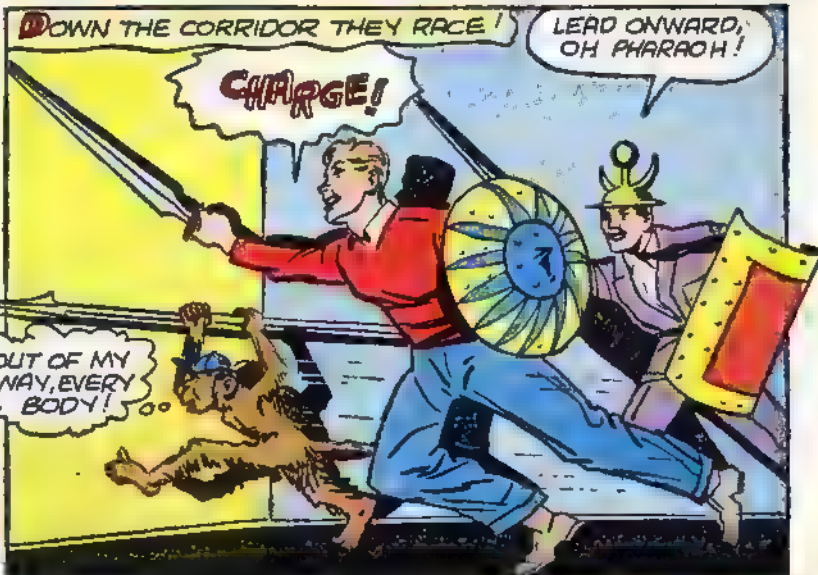


DOWN THE CORRIDOR THEY RACE!

LEAD ONWARD,
OH PHARAOH!

CHARGE!

OUT OF MY
WAY, EVERY
BODY!



BUT... AS THE THREE "WARRIORS"
REACH THE STAIRS...

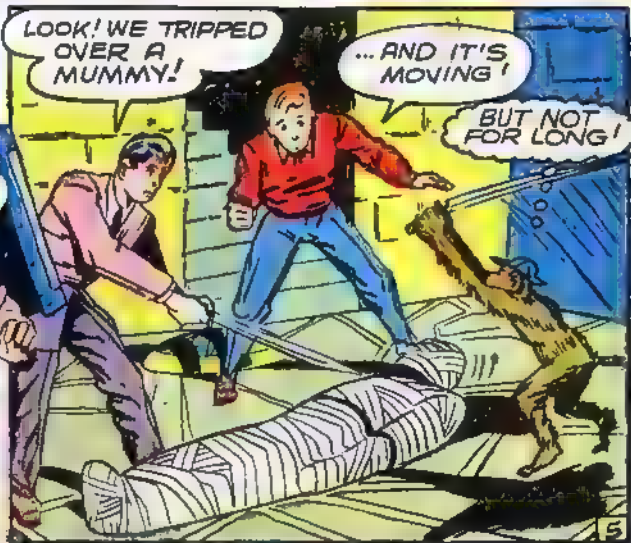
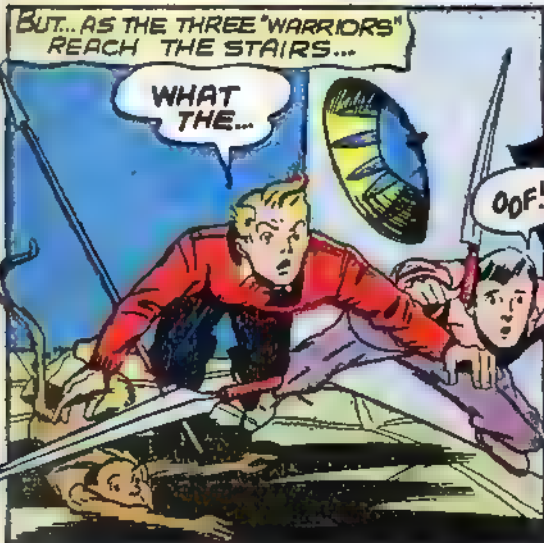
WHAT
THE...

OOF!

LOOK! WE TRIPPED
OVER A
MUMMY!

... AND IT'S
MOVING!

BUT NOT
FOR LONG!





HOLD IT! IT'S NOT A REAL MUMMY!

YEAH...WELL IT'S NOT A DADDY EITHER!



LET'S GET THIS WRAPPING OFF HIM!

I'LL BET THE RESULT PROVES INTERESTING!



IT'S ONE OF THE GUARDS!

HE'S STILL ALIVE!



REVIVED, THE GUARD TELLS HIS STORY...

...THEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, A MUMMY CAME TO LIFE, ATTACKED ME, REMOVED MY CLOTHES... AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!



DEADLINE, YOU REMAIN HERE TO CARE FOR THIS MAN... DR. WATSON AND I ARE GOING UPSTAIRS!

YOU BET! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS!



GIDDAP!

I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

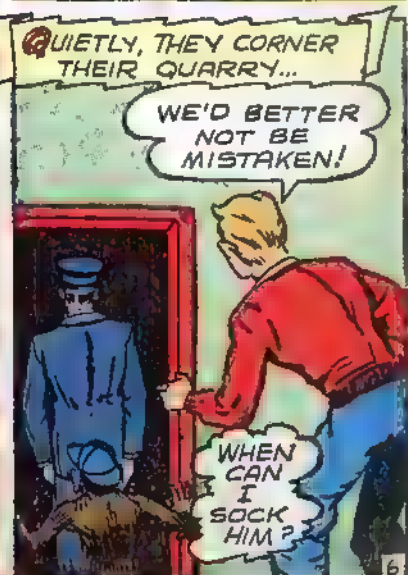


THAT GUARD LOOKS JUST LIKE THE ONE WE LEFT IN THE BASEMENT!

THEN I GUESS I CAN GO HOME, EH, CHIEF...

YES, AFTER BEING ON DUTY ALL NIGHT, YOU MUST BE TIRED!

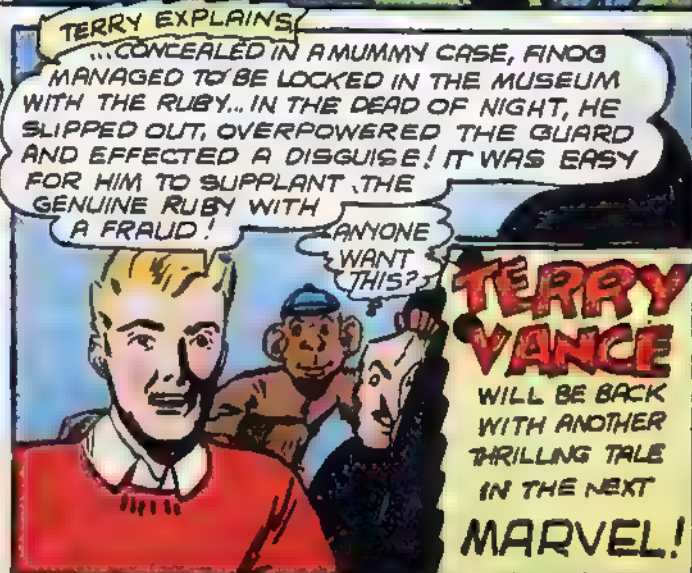
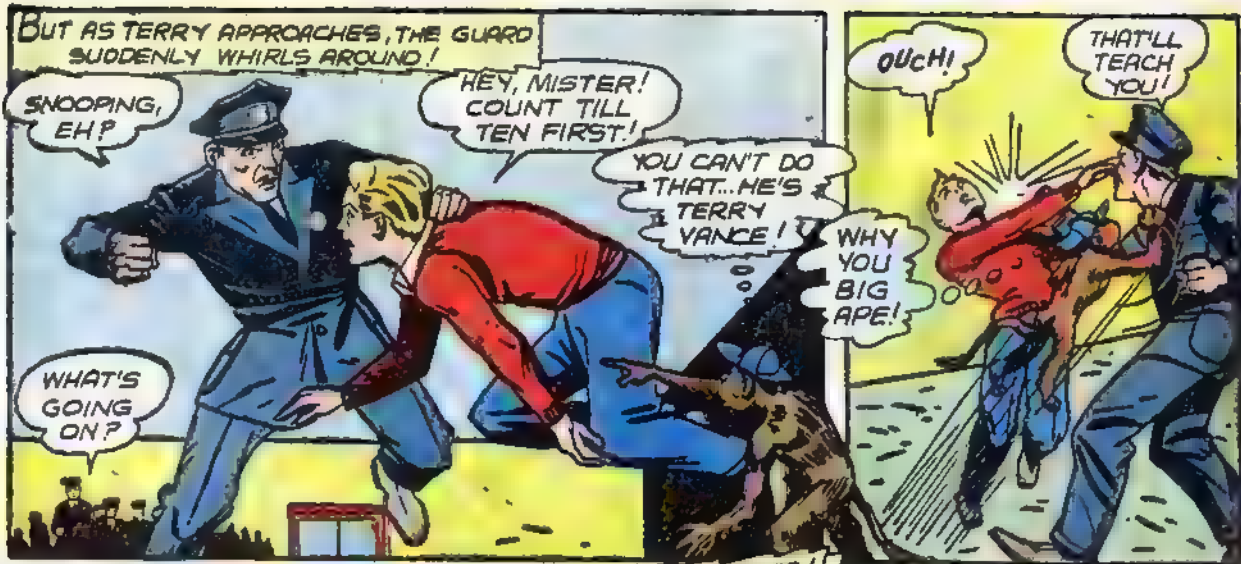
TWINS, MAYBE?



QUIETLY, THEY CORNER THEIR QUARRY...

WE'D BETTER NOT BE MISTAKEN!

WHEN CAN I SOCK HIM?



JIMMY JUPITER

in the
LAND OF NOWHERE!

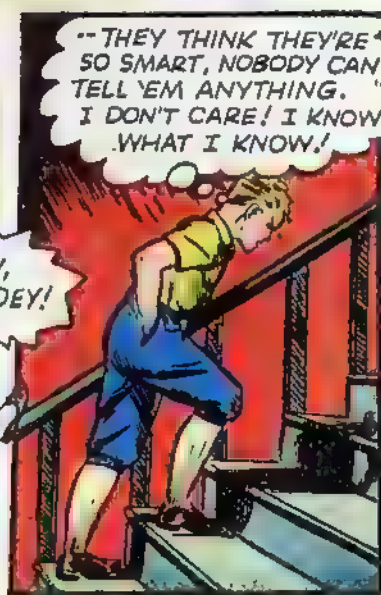
Jimmy is an ordinary boy who has visited the Land of Nowhere -- However, his parents refuse to believe his stories...



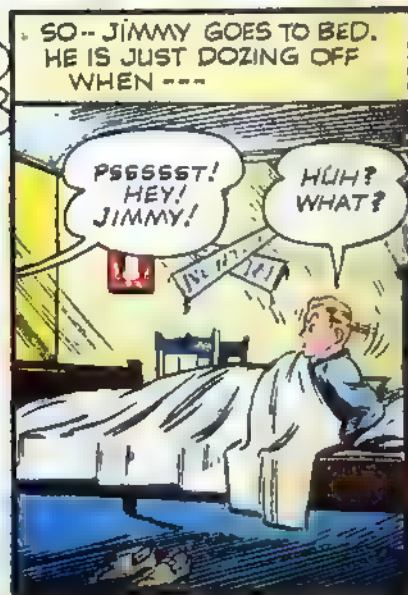
JIMMY, IF YOU DON'T STOP TELLING THOSE IMPOSSIBLE STORIES, YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!

YES-- GO TO BED, JIMMY!

AW, PHOOEY!



--THEY THINK THEY'RE SO SMART, NOBODY CAN TELL 'EM ANYTHING. I DON'T CARE! I KNOW WHAT I KNOW!



SO-- JIMMY GOES TO BED. HE IS JUST DOZING OFF WHEN ---

PSSESSST! HEY! JIMMY!

HUH? WHAT?

-AND THERE IN THE WINDOW ARE
THE WUMP-JUMP AND RUFFY RABBIT.

HELLO,
JIMMY!

HI-YA,
KIDDO!

WELL-- MY
GOODNESS!
HOW'D YOU
GET HERE?

WE CAME DOWN A MOON-
BEAM. WE WANT YOU TO
GO BACK WITH US.

YEAH! WE GOT
A SURPRISE
FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT.
I'LL GO.

GREAT!--YOU CAN
RIDE ON MY
BACK!

JIMMY CLIMBS ON THE
WUMP-JUMP'S BACK--

GIVE ME A
BOOST UP,
JIMMY!

NOT YOU
PEE WEE! YOU
CAN WALK!

OH, YEAH! WHY,
YOU OVERSTUFFED
LIZARD --I'LL TEAR
YOU TO PIECES!

HUMPH!
RUFFIAN!

SO--THEY START OFF UP
THE MOONBEAM...

YAH --C'MON
'N' FIGHT!
WHY DON'CHA?

BOY! THIS
IS FUN!

TSK-TSK!
THAT RABBIT
IS UNCOUTH!

WHEN THEY REACH THE CLOUD, JIMMY PAUSES FOR A MOMENT TO GET A HANDFUL OF THE MOON-BEAM TO SAVE FOR A SOUVENIR.

BOY! LOOK AT IT SHINE!

OKAY, FELLAS!
NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WELL, JIMMY, IT'S A VERY UNUSUAL THING WHICH I DISCOVERED!...

I DISCOVERED, YOU MEAN!

LISTEN--YOU PEANUT!
I'LL SALT YOU GOOD!

OH, YEAH?
C'MON AN' TRY IT!

SAY!

OH!--HEH!
HEH! WE'RE ONLY FOOLIN' JIMMY!

SURE! C'MON!
WE'LL SHOW YOU!

THEY LEAD JIMMY THROUGH A DARK FOREST ---

NOW, BE VERY QUIET!

SSSHHH

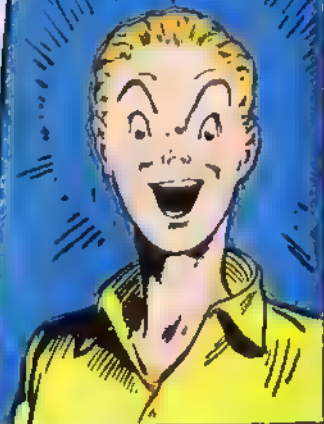
THERE THEY ARE!

GEE WHIZ!

HERE, IN A CLEARING, A NUMBER OF
TINY PEOPLE ARE DANCING IN A RING...



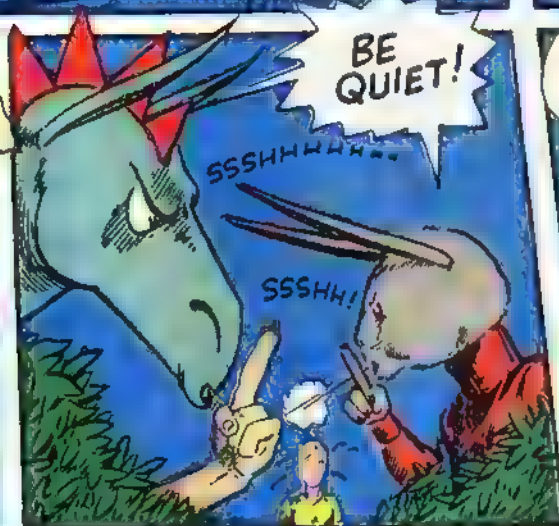
A REAL
FAIRY
DANCE!



IN HIS EXCITEMENT,
JIMMY STEPS
ON A TWIG...



BE
QUIET!



NOW-- SEE WHAT
YOU DID? YOU
FRIGHTENED THEM
ALL AWAY!

I'LL GET
THEM BACK!

HOW
?



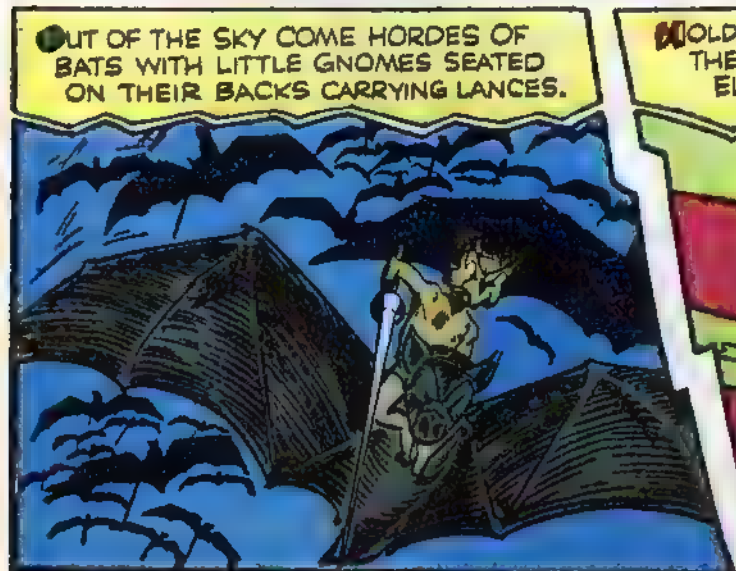
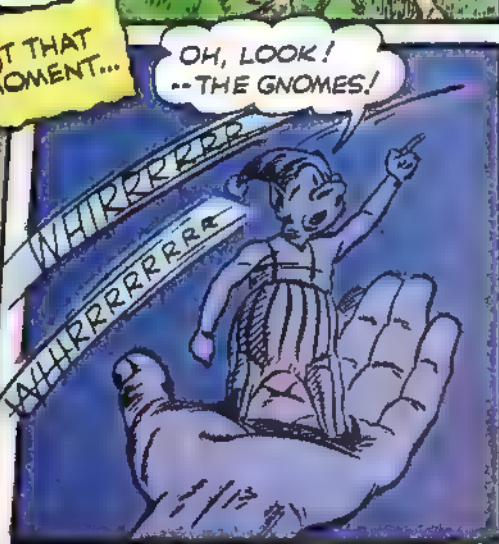
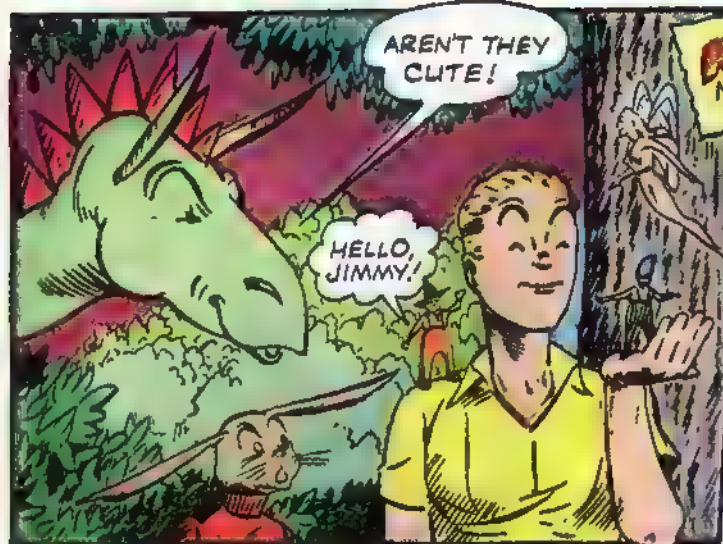
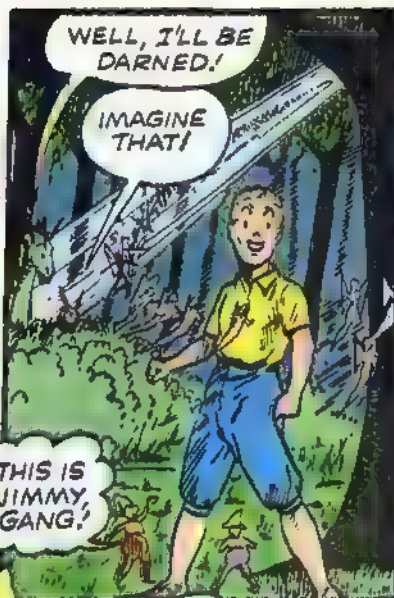
I'LL JUST
CALL THEM
--WATCH!

YOO HOO!
COME ON
OUT-- WE
WON'T
HURT
YOU!

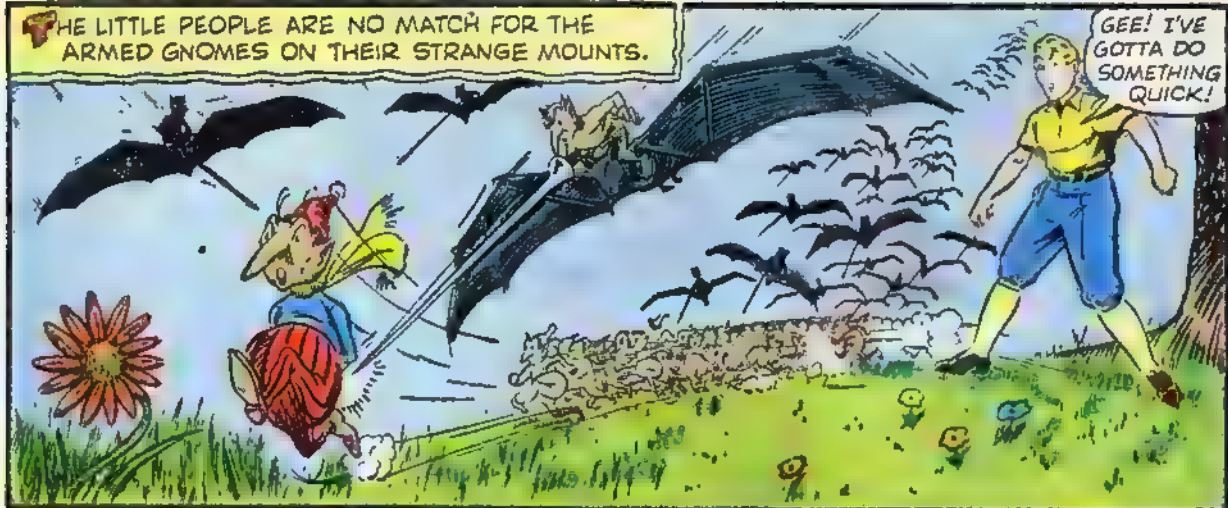


HOW DO WE **KNOW**
YOU WON'T? WHO
ARE YOU,
ANYWAY?





THE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ARMED GNOMES ON THEIR STRANGE MOUNTS.



BATS CAN'T SEE IN THE LIGHT-- IF ONLY I COULD-- --WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT!

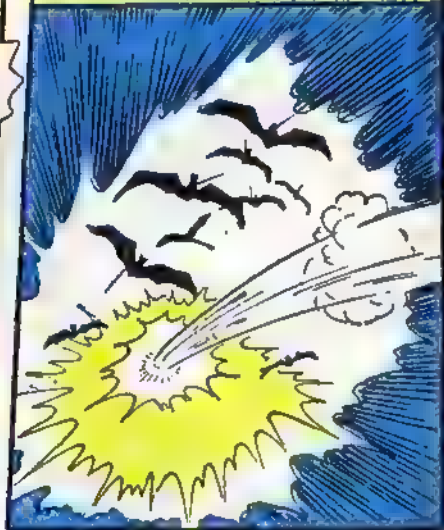


REACHING IN HIS POCKET, JIMMY DRAWS FORTH THE BALL OF MOONBEAMS AND HURLS IT!

TAKE THIS, YOU BATS!



THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH!...



...AND ALL THE BATS ARE GONE, EXCEPT ONE WHICH FLIES AT JIMMY ---

HEY!

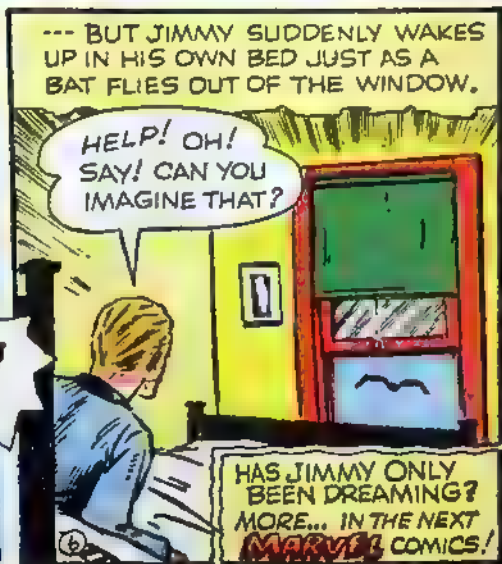


--- GROWING LARGER AND LARGER!



--- BUT JIMMY SUDDENLY WAKES UP IN HIS OWN BED JUST AS A BAT FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW.

HELP! OH! SAY! CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?



HAS JIMMY ONLY BEEN DREAMING? MORE... IN THE NEXT **MARVEL** COMICS!

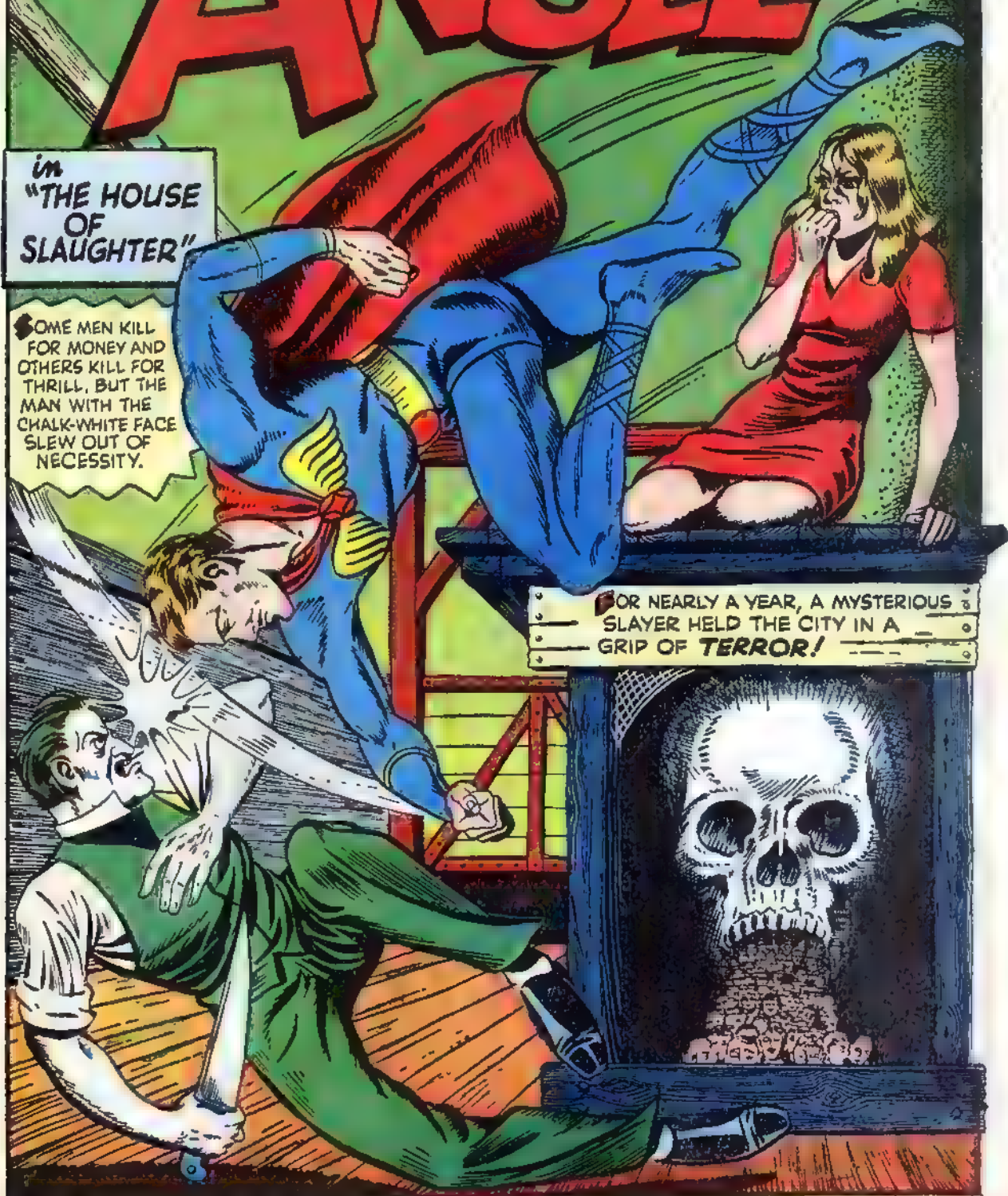
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT, 1942.

THE ANGEL

in
"THE HOUSE
OF
SLAUGHTER"

SOME MEN KILL
FOR MONEY AND
OTHERS KILL FOR
THRILL, BUT THE
MAN WITH THE
CHALK-WHITE FACE
SLEW OUT OF
NECESSITY.

FOR NEARLY A YEAR, A MYSTERIOUS
SLAYER HELD THE CITY IN A
GRIP OF **TERROR!**



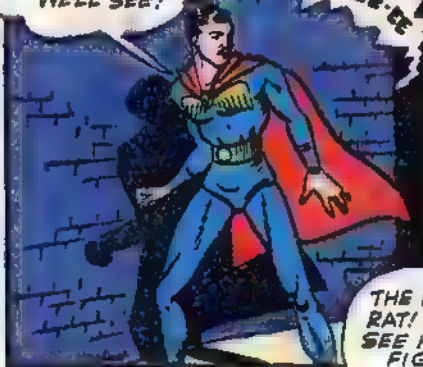
A GREAT POLICE ROUND-UP WAS ORDERED, BUT THE CUNNING SLAYER HAS REMAINED AT LARGE!



THE **ANGEL** JOINS THE HUNT!

SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN! --BET SHE'S BEING ATTACKED BY THAT KILLER! WE'LL SEE!

HELP! FEE-EE



OH-H-H! STOP! STOP!

AS SOON AS YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUS, MY DEAR!



THE DIRTY RAT! LET'S SEE HOW HE FIGHTS A MAN!..

MAYBE THIS'LL PUT SOME COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS, CHALK-FACE!

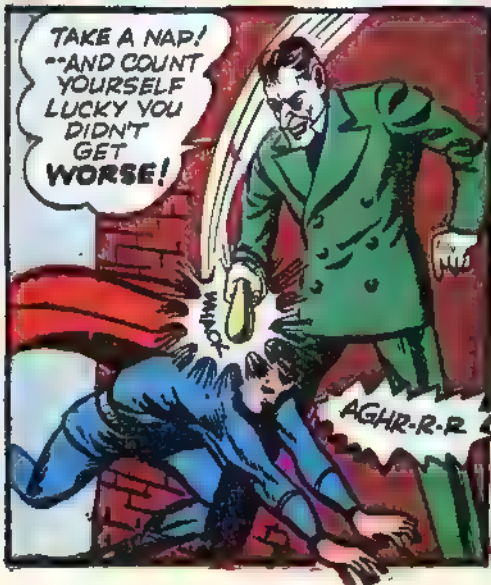


YOU WON'T BE LONG NOW!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



TAKE A NAP! --AND COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY YOU DIDN'T GET WORSE!



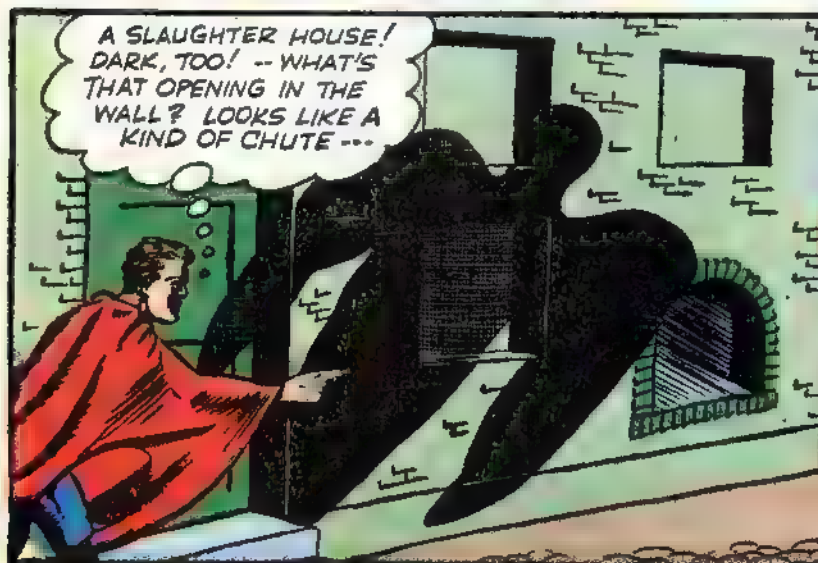
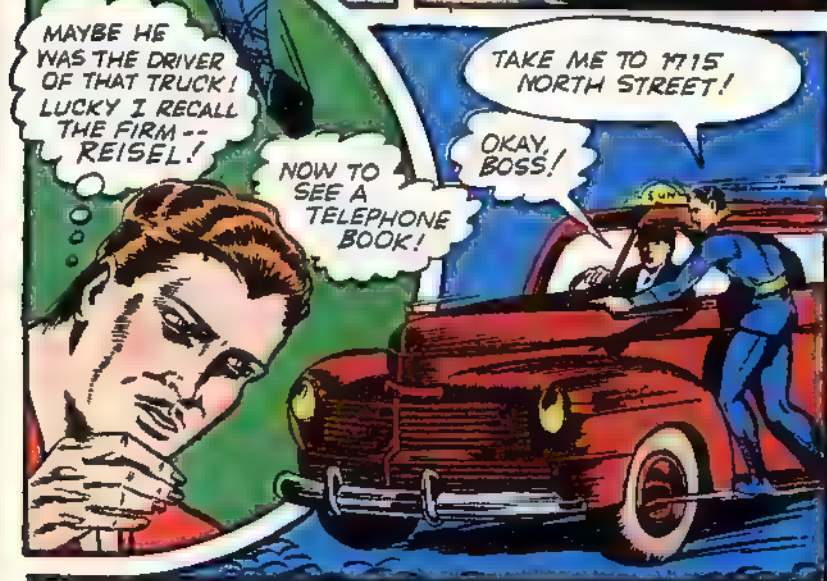
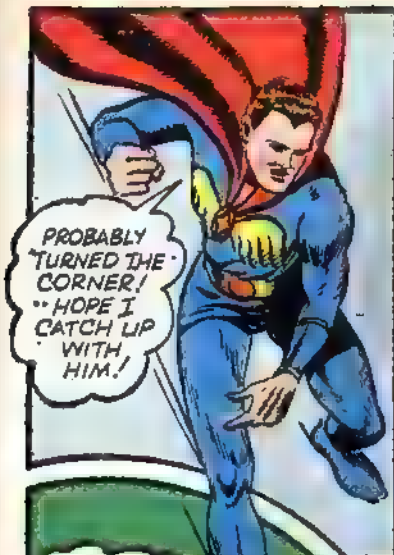
--LOOK'S LIKE YOUR RESCUER NEEDS HELP! HEH! COME, MY BEAUTY!



THE **ANGEL** REGAINS HIS SENSES!

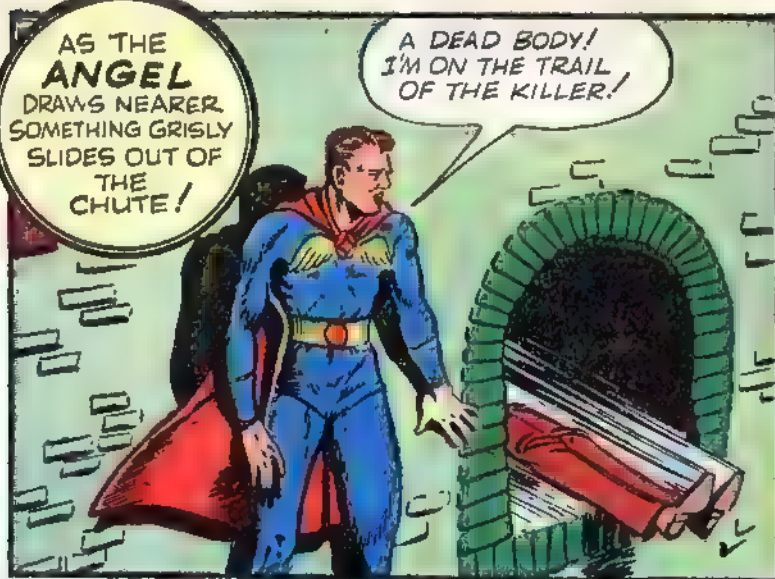
MY HEAD! HEY! WHERE DID CHALK-FACE GO?





AS THE
ANGEL
DRAWS NEARER,
SOMETHING GRISLY
SLIDES OUT OF
THE
CHUTE!

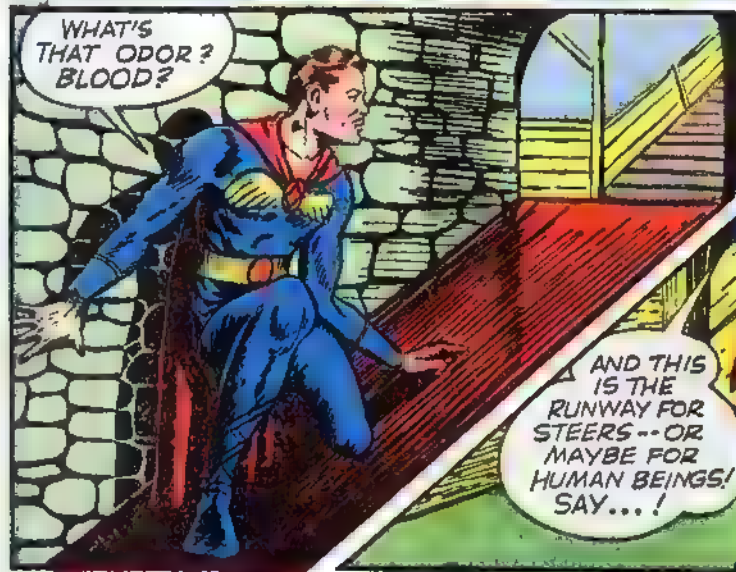
A DEAD BODY!
I'M ON THE TRAIL
OF THE KILLER!



THIS IS AS
GOOD A WAY AS
ANY TO GET INTO
THE BUILDING!
--HOPE I DON'T
COME OUT THE
SAME WAY!



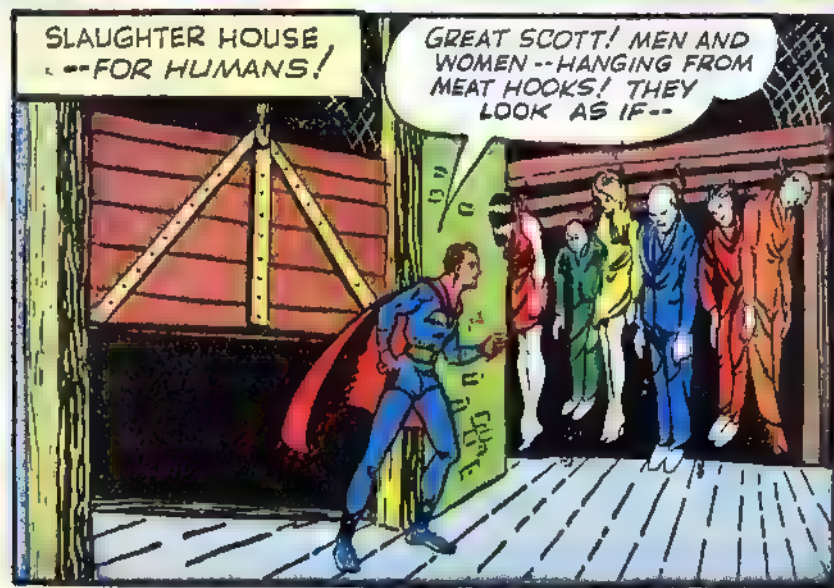
WHAT'S
THAT ODOR?
BLOOD?



AND THIS
IS THE
RUNWAY FOR
STEERS--OR
MAYBE FOR
HUMAN BEINGS!
SAY...!

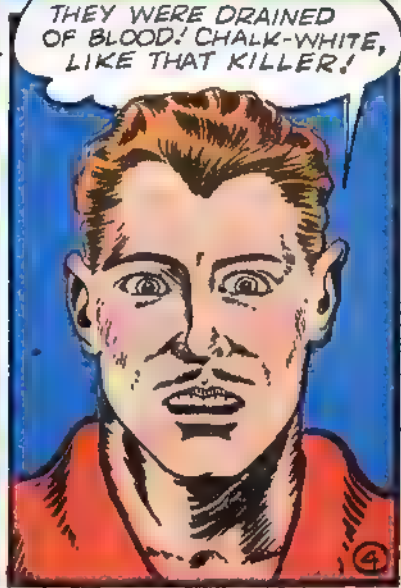


SLAUGHTER HOUSE,
--FOR HUMANS!



GREAT SCOTT! MEN AND
WOMEN --HANGING FROM
MEAT HOOKS! THEY
LOOK AS IF--

THEY WERE DRAINED
OF BLOOD! CHALK-WHITE,
LIKE THAT KILLER!



MOVING NOISELESSLY, THE
ANGEL COMES UPON
HIS QUARRY...

WHAT THE --!
--LOOKS AS IF HE'S
GIVING HIMSELF
A BLOOD
TRANSFUSION!
I HOPE
HER BLOOD
IS STRONG!

AS THE GIRL'S BLOOD
RACES THROUGH HIS
VEINS, TWO SPOTS
OF COLOR APPEAR
IN HIS FACE...

AH! HOW GOOD
I FEEL! -- POWER
SURGING
THROUGH
ME!

TRY SOME OF THAT POWER
ON ME -- IF YOU CAN!

OH! IT'S YOU!
ONE CRACK ON THE
HEAD WASN'T
ENOUGH,
EH?

WOW
WOW

NO!
BUT I DOUBT
IF YOU CAN
GIVE ME
ANOTHER!

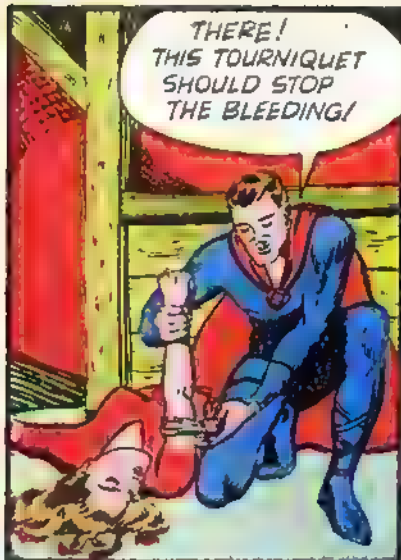
HOW ARE YOU
ON HIGH DIVING,
DRACULA?

STOP!
EE-YI-EE!

THAT OUGHT
TO MAKE HIM
STAY PUT FOR
A WHILE!

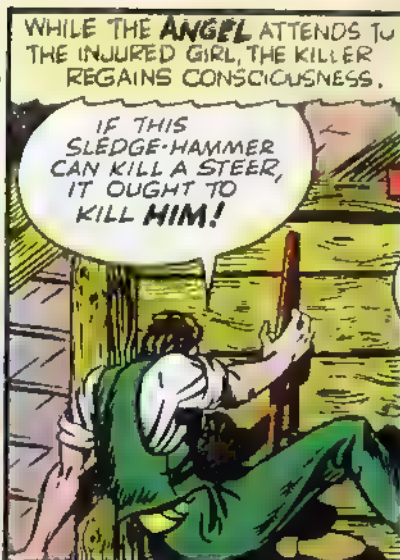
SAY!
THAT
GIRL'S
BLEEDING!

THERE!
THIS TOURNIQUET
SHOULD STOP
THE BLEEDING!



WHILE THE **ANGEL** ATTENDS TO
THE INJURED GIRL, THE KILLER
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

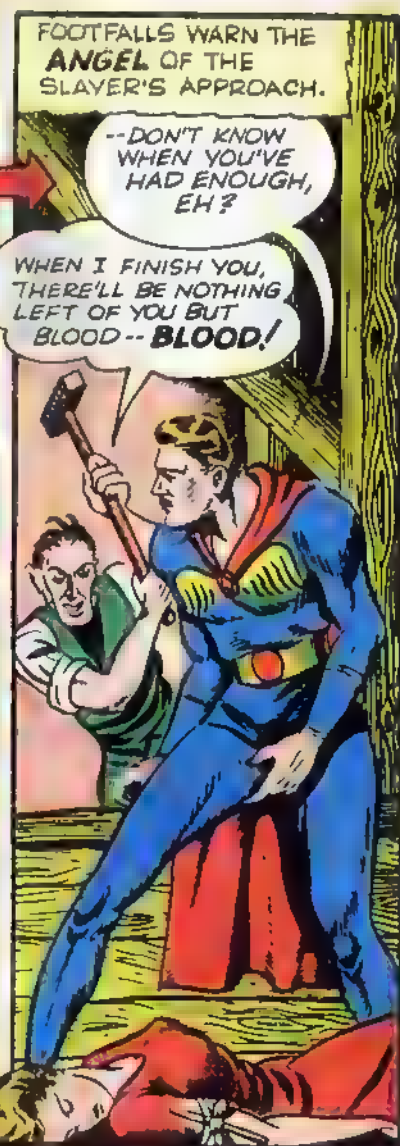
IF THIS
SLEDGE-HAMMER
CAN KILL A STEER,
IT OUGHT TO
KILL **HIM!**



FOOTFALLS WARN THE
ANGEL OF THE
SLAYER'S APPROACH.

--DON'T KNOW
WHEN YOU'VE
HAD ENOUGH,
EH?

WHEN I FINISH YOU,
THERE'LL BE NOTHING
LEFT OF YOU BUT
BLOOD -- **BLOOD!**



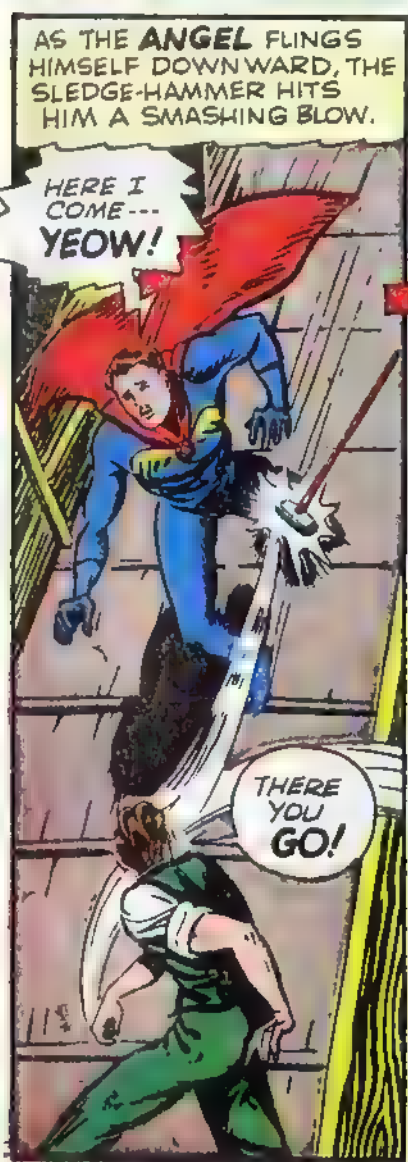
AS THE **ANGEL** FLINGS
HIMSELF DOWNWARD,
THE
SLEDGE-HAMMER HITS
HIM A SMASHING BLOW.

HERE I
COME ---
YEOW!

MY THIGH!
--PARALYZED!
I CAN'T
MOVE!

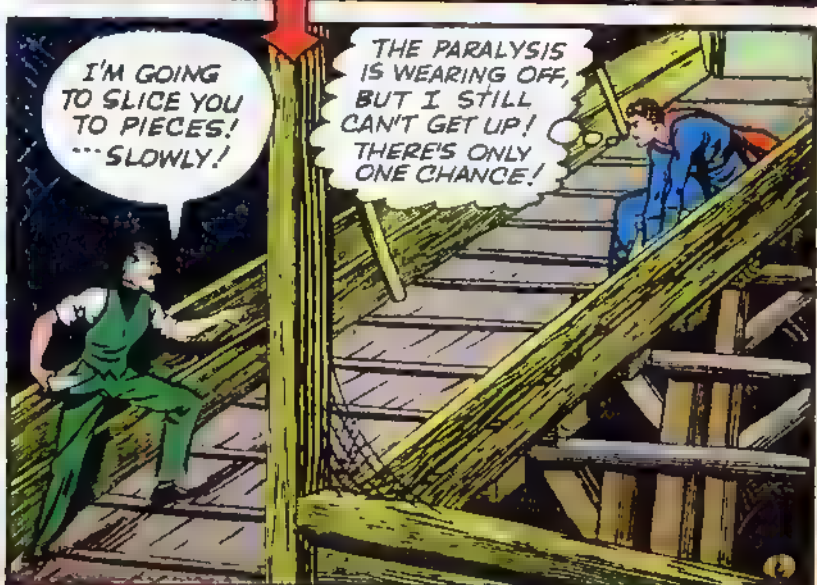


THERE
YOU
GO!



I'M GOING
TO SLICE YOU
TO PIECES!
--- SLOWLY!

THE PARALYSIS
IS WEARING OFF,
BUT I STILL
CAN'T GET UP!
THERE'S ONLY
ONE CHANCE!



DESPERATE, THE **ANGEL**
ROLLS HIMSELF UP
INTO A BALL!

THIS IS ONE WAY
OF GOING PLACES!

I'VE GOT
YOU
HELPLESS--
---HEY!

JUST LIKE BOWLING--
AND YOU'RE THE
KINGPIN!

AY-YI
YI!

THE TWO MEN LAND IN
A TANGLED HEAP!

OOF!

WOW!

THAT LITTLE
ENCOUNTER WAS JUST
WHAT I NEEDED! -- MY
LEG FEELS BETTER
ALREADY!

AND THIS
MAKES ME FEEL
STILL BETTER!

START TALKING--OR
I'LL TOSS YOU SO HIGH
YOU'LL NEED A PARACHUTE
TO LAND!

I--I'LL TALK--ONLY
LOOSEN UP MY
THROAT BEFORE
I CHOKE!

MY NAME'S REISEL...
SOME MONTHS AGO I
WAS STRICKEN WITH A
STRANGE MALADY...

!!THE DISEASE CONSUMED
MY RED BLOOD CORPUSCLES!!

...BUT MY CONDITION
BECAME WORSE...

...FINALLY THE SENTENCE OF
DEATH WAS PASSED ON ME...

THIS OUGHT
TO GIVE HIM
A LIFT--
A FULL
QUART!

WE'VE BEEN
GIVING HIM
THREE QUARTS
A DAY,
DOCTOR!

IF IT KEEPS
UP, WE'LL
NEED AN
ARMY TO
SUPPLY
HIM!

SORRY, REISEL
--BUT WE CAN'T
DEplete THE
CITY'S BLOOD
SUPPLY TO SAVE
ONE MAN.

GUESS I
MIGHT AS
WELL ORDER
A COFFIN.

...BUT A WAY OUT CAME TO
ME WHEN I LEFT THE HOSPITAL...

I KNOW HOW
I CAN GET THE
BLOOD! --
STEAL IT!
KILL TO
STEAL IT!

REISEL FINISHES HIS STORY.

... I BOUGHT THIS PLACE
AS A FRONT -- TO HIDE ANY
EXCESS BLOOD! -- AND
EMBARKED ON A WAVE
OF MURDER.

WELL, I'LL SAVE ONE
OF YOUR VICTIMS, ANYWAY!

YOU'RE GOING TO RETURN
THAT BLOOD YOU STOLE
FROM HER!

NO! NO!
I'LL DIE!
I'LL DIE!

THE **ANGEL**
FORCES
REISEL TO
RETURN
THE BLOOD
--THEN -----

THANK
YOU!
W-WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THAT
AWFUL
MAN?

HE'S LYING THERE
--- DEAD! IT
WAS EITHER
HE OR
YOU!

AND SO THE **ANGEL**
MAKES HIS DEPARTURE
--BEHIND A SHADOW AND
A SOLVED MURDER MYSTERY.

ANOTHER SPINE-CHILLING EPISODE OF
THE ANGEL VS. CRIME APPEARS IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF **MARVEL COMICS!**

PRIZES FOR ALL!

Any prize shown in this circle, and dozens of others in our **FREE PRIZE BOOK**, is **GIVEN** to you for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds—they are fresh and ready to grow. Everybody wants American Seeds—you'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once. Send the coupon now for **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, Seeds and Free Prize Book showing over sixty prizes like Toilet Set, Roller Skates, Radio, etc.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 802, Lancaster, Pa.



RED RYDER LICENSED BY STEVEN SLESINGER, INC., NEW YORK



DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle.

Sell only one order and get a beautiful Girls or Women's **WRIST WATCH**, with cord bracelet. Boys' and Men's styles also.



EASTMAN CAMERA

Given for selling only one order.



Pepperell "Warmweave" part-wool blanket. Warm, soft and fleecy!



LIVE CANARY

given for selling only one order. Safe delivery guaranteed.

CROQUET SET
Complete set given for selling one order.



GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET



You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring **FREE**.

Boys! Girls! Get a STREAM-LINED BIKE.



GENE AUTRY GUITAR

Full size, full tone, decorated with western scene and Gene Autry's signature.



Electric Baseball Game. Hours of fun—for all the family—the game you'll never tire of playing.



Complete Basketball Set.

For boys and girls.

EXTRA VALUE PRIZES

Given for selling extra orders as explained in **BIG PRIZE BOOK**.

SEND COUPON TODAY

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 802, LANCASTER, PA.
Please send my **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, the **BIG GIFT BOOK**, and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

FREE! A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE



SECRETS *of the* PMACK SCANNING EMPIRE REVEALED

CLASS IS IN SESSION, JUST AS IT IS EVERY MORNING IN THIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...

BUT THE PARTICULAR CLASS HERE INTERESTED IN ISN'T LIKE EVERY OTHER...

LET'S GET SEATED NOW, CLASS! WE HAVE QUITE A BIT OF WORK TO COVER THIS MORNING--

WELL, CLASS, THE NETWORK 3 CONTROLLER ALLOWS ME TO CONNECT UP TO 16 STUDENT STATIONS--IN THIS CASE, OUR TRS-80 COLOR COMPUTERS--TO MY COLOR COMPUTER, WHICH HAS A "HOST" DISC DRIVE.

ALSO, NETWORK 3 PERMITS EACH STUDENT STATION TO SAVE AND LOAD SCANS DIRECTLY TO AND FROM THE "HOST" INCLUDING ACCESS TO THE HOST SCANNER.

WOULD ANYONE CARE TO GIVE IT A TRY?

ALL RIGHT, LET'S SWITCH ON OUR COMPUTERS AND GET STARTED.

AND SO, FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CLASSROOM AS THE SIXTH-GRADERS APPLY THEMSELVES TO THE TASK AT HAND--

--PRODUCING TOP-NOTCH SCANS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS!



* NOT AN ACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF PMACK!

Pmack Scans: shamelessly exploiting child labor since 2005